

# The Cromwell Argus

AND NORTHERN GOLD-FIELDS GAZETTE.

No. 8, Vol. 1.)

CROMWELL, OTAGO: WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1869.

(PRICE, SIXPENCE.)

## Cromwell Advertisements



THE PEOPLE'S BAKERY.

J. SCOTT.

BREAD AND BISCUIT BAKER,

Melmore-street, Cromwell.

Families waited on for orders, and Bread regularly delivered in all parts of the district.

BRIDGE HOTEL, CROMWELL.

JOHN MARSH,

Of the Bridge Hotel, Cromwell,

IS DETERMINED TO GIVE VALUE FOR MONEY.



CROMWELL VETERINARY

SHOEING FORGE.

Next door to Smitham's Kawarau Hotel

EDWARD LINDSAY,

(Late of Clyde and Melbourne),

GENERAL BLACKSMITH, FARRIER,

AND MACHINIST.

E. L. begs to inform the public of Cromwell

that he has purchased the business of Mr Thompson, and trusts by strict attention to business, and the execution of all work placed in his hands in a first-class and workmanlike manner, to merit the patronage of the support accorded his predecessor.

## Cromwell Advertisements

CROMWELL HOTEL,  
CROMWELL.

ROBERT KIDD, PROPRIETOR.

The travelling public and Commercial Gentlemen will find this the most convenient house to put up at in Cromwell. There are excellent beds, private sitting and dining rooms, and attached to the establishment is a magnificent Billiard Saloon, and the largest hall for Concerts, Balls, or Theatrical Representations out of Dunedin.

Excellent Stabling, &c.

CROMWELL.

M R M A N D E R S,  
LEGAL AND MINING AGENT.

Registered to practise in the Warden's Courts for the Dunstan Goldfields.

Agent for the Northern Fire and Life Insurance Company (capital Two Millions).



W. H. W H E T T E R,  
BOOTMAKER,

MELMORE-STREET, CROMWELL.

A large and varied stock of Home and Colonial made Boots and Shoes on hand, to which attention is respectfully requested.

PRICES MODERATE.

DAGG'S

CLUTHA HOTEL,

CROMWELL.

Best Accommodation for Visitors.

PRETTY FAIR LIQUOR.

FIRST-CLASS STABLING.

GINGERBEER & CORDIALS.

TO THE INHABITANTS

OF THE  
CROMWELL DISTRICT.

THE Undersigned begs leave to intimate to the public that he is prepared to supply them with GINGERBEER and CORDIALS, of a superior description, and at prices to defy competition.

GINGERBEER ..... 3s. PER DOZ.

CORDIALS ..... 20s. PER DOZ.

Encourage Local Industry, and Patronize

JOHN M. KELLY,

GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, CROMWELL.

## Cromwell Advertisements

JUNCTION  
COMMERCIAL HOTEL,  
CROMWELL.

G. W. GOODGER,  
PROPRIETOR.

In returning thanks for past favors, begs to announce that neither trouble nor expense have been spared to render the above establishment second to none upon the Goldfields.

Being situated in the very centre of the town, it affords every convenience for Commercial Travellers and others visiting the Cromwell district.

The Bedrooms, Private Parlors, &c., Are fitted up with every regard to comfort and convenience.

The BILLIARD SALOON (the largest in the district) is provided with one of Alcock's Tables.

Extra attention has been bestowed upon the STABLING DEPARTMENT, and as it has been placed under the management of an experienced groom, the public may rely upon every care being taken of horses.

Smithfield Butchery Company.



OWEN PIERCE (late of St. Bathans) having purchased from Mr W. J. Barry the Butchery Business lately carried on by him in Cromwell, begs to intimate that he is in a position to supply the best description of meat at moderate prices.

O. P. hopes by strict attention to business and keeping meat of the very best quality, to obtain a share of public support.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

WILLIAM BARNES,  
BLACKSMITH AND FARRIER,  
(Late of Addlestone, Surrey).

Begs to announce to the inhabitants of CROMWELL and the surrounding Districts that he is about to start in the above business near the Bridge Hotel; and trusts, by strict attention to business, coupled with moderate charges, to secure a share of the work of the district.

SHAMROCK STORE,

CROMWELL.

WILLIAM SHANLEY & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

WINE, SPIRIT, AND PROVISION

MERCHANTS.

A large and varied assortment of

WINES, SPIRITS, AND GROCERIES.

Goods delivered in all parts of the district, free of charge.

## Cromwell Advertisements

KAWARAU HOTEL,  
CROMWELL.

WILLIAM SMITHAM, PROPRIETOR.

The best conducted and most comfortable Hotel in the District.

A FIRST-CLASS BILLIARD ROOM,  
With one of Alcock's best Tables.

Coaches leave for Queenstown and Arrow every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 a.m.; for Clyde every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3.30 p.m.; and for Cardrona and Albertown every Wednesday at 9 a.m.

N.B.—W. S. having created a large range of Stabling, would intimate to Travellers that every care will be bestowed upon horses. An experienced groom in attendance.

[A CARD.]

R. F. BADGER,

LEGAL AND MINING AGENT,

MELMORE-STREET,

CROMWELL;

AND AT BENDIGO GULLY.

[A CARD.]

DR. JAMES CORSE,

SURGEON,

May be consulted daily at his residence,

MELMORE-STREET,

CROMWELL.

CROMWELL.



FREE TRADE BUTCHERY,

(Wholesale and Retail),

JAMES DAWKINS, PROPRIETOR.

A supply of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, Hams, Bacon, &c., always on hand.

Meat delivered at Town Prices throughout the district.

DAVID WEAVER,

Wholesale and Retail

STOREKEEPER,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

Melmore-street, Cromwell.

D. WEAVER begs to inform the Inhabitants of Cromwell and surrounding Districts that having bought the Premises lately occupied by Mr DAVID BORTH, he has now on hand an assorted STOCK OF NEW GOODS,

Consisting of

Wines and Spirits, Groceries, Drapery, Boots, &c. &c.,

of the best qualities; and trusts, by strict attention to business, and moderate prices, to merit a share of public patronage.

Cunnard's Line of People's Coaches.



DAILY CONVEYANCE

TO AND FROM

LOGANTOWN, BENDIGO GULLY REEFS,

AND

CROMWELL.

JOHN CUNNARD

Begs to announce that he is now running a TWO-HORSE CONVEYANCE

BETWEEN

LOGANTOWN AND CROMWELL,

Leaving Logantown

EVERY MORNING, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK; Returning from Goodger's Junction Hotel at 3.30 p.m.

Parties residing at the Reefs will thereby be enabled to spend at least six hours in Cromwell and return to the Reefs the same evening.

FARE.

Each way ... .. 10s.

To and from ... .. 15s.

JOHN CUNNARD,

Proprietor.

## CROMWELL

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY,

30th and 31st December 1869.

Stewards:

W. SMITHAM I. LOUGHNAN J. W. GARRETT  
J. WRIGHTSON J. DAWKINS J. COWAN  
W. J. BARRY J. A. FRESHAW T. LOGAN.

Judge:

R. LOUGHNAN.

Starter:

J. DAWKINS.

Treasurer:

J. A. FRESHAW.

Clerk of the Course:

W. J. BARRY.

Secretary:

ROBERT E. DAGG.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY,  
Dec. 30.

Maiden Plate

Of 30 sovs., for all horses that have never won an advertised race (hack and matches excepted). Weight for age. Distance, a mile and a-half. Entrance £2 2s.

Town Plate

Of 75 sovs. Weight for age. Distance, three miles. Entrance £4 4s.

Hurdle Race

Of 20 sovs. Twice round the Course—about three miles. Over eight flights of hurdles. No weight less than 10st 11b. Entrance £2 2s.

Publicans' Purse Handicap

Of 40 sovs., with a sweepstake of £1 1s. the sweepstakes to go to the second horse. Distance, two miles. Nomination, with £1 1s. to be sent in on or before Monday, 20th December; acceptance, with £2 2s. on the night of general entry. Weights to be declared as in District Handicap.

Hack Race

Of 15 sovs. One mile; heats. No weight less than 10st 11b. Post Entry, £1 1s.

SECOND DAY, FRIDAY,  
Dec. 31.

Miners' Purse

Of 15 sovs. For all untrained horses. No horse allowed to run that has won over £20 of public money. No weights less than 10st 11b. One mile heats. Post Entry, £1 1s.

District Handicap

Of 100 sovs. Sweepstakes of £2 2s each; second horse to receive the amount of sweepstakes. Nominations, with £2 2s. to be made on or before Monday, 20th December. Acceptance, £3 3s. to be paid the night of general entry. Weights to be declared on the 23rd December. Distance, 2½ miles. Winner of Town Plate to carry 5lbs penalty.

Ladies' Purse

Of 30 sovs. Two miles. Gentleman riders. Welter Weights for a/s. Entrance, £2 2s. to be paid on the night of general entry.

Handicap Trotting Race

Of 15 sovs. Three miles. Post Entry, £1 1s.

Consolation Handicap

Of 20 sovs. For all beaten horses. Mile and a-half. Entrance, £1 1s.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. No entry will be received unless upon these conditions—That all disputes, claims, and objections arising out of the races shall be decided by the Stewards, or a majority of them, whose decisions upon all points connected with the carrying out of the programme shall be final.

2. No person shall enter or nominate a horse unless he is a subscriber of not less than £2 2s. to the Race Fund. Moreover, no one to enter or nominate a horse not his bona fide property unless the said subscription of £2 2s. be paid for the actual owner, under penalty of forfeiting any race such horse may win.

3. The entries to be sealed, addressed to the Secretary Cromwell Jockey Club, and forwarded to him on or before the 23rd December, at eight p.m., entrance money to be enclosed, with name, age, and pedigree (if any) of the horse, name of the owner, and the colours of the rider.

The Rules of the Dunstan Jockey Club will be strictly adhered to.

Five per cent. will be deducted from all winners.

## Australia.

At Ballarat there was during the past quarter a depression in mining matters, and the returns of gold obtained and dividends paid show a falling off. The former item, however, reached the not insignificant figure of 55,133 ozs., and the latter reached £69,261. At Buninyong a nugget, producing 126 ozs. of gold when smelted, was found in the Wobblville claim, 110 feet from the surface, and close to a quartz lode.

"It is worth recording," says a Bendigo paper, "that kerosene is efficacious in many instances of vermin poison; and in this hot weather, when reptiles are usually lively, the antidote should always be applied. The curing properties of kerosene were tested with complete success one day last week by a daughter of Mr Beresford, Bullock Creek, who happened to place her hand accidentally over a scorpion, which immediately bit her on the palm. Feeling the pain, Miss Beresford concluded that there was something there that ought not to be, and she unflinchingly crushed the vermin lifeless. The pain of the wound began to dart hither and thither, and kerosene was applied, which gave instant relief, and not a trace of the wound could be found on the following morning."

A most disgraceful movement at Sydney has been a proposal to hold a festive meeting at Clontarf (where the attempt was made to murder the Prince), to which a number of Irishmen were invited last month, who a few weeks ago were State prisoners. A circular was read in various Roman Catholic chapels in Sydney, stating that the men who had proposed the meeting were doing all they could to discredit the Roman Catholic faith and honour, and calling upon members of the Roman Catholic Church to hold themselves aloof. The outrage upon decency, however, was prevented by the Government, who prohibited the demonstration.

This episode in the night-life of Melbourne, as described by a local paper, suggests many a lesson.—Not long since, one of the flashiest of the *demi-monde* of Melbourne was seized with a mortal sickness. During her illness conscience was at work, and she unceasingly longed for the rites of matrimony to make her an honest woman, to use the expression of the unfortunates. A brute, who lived on the poor girl's earnings, to satisfy her scruples married her in the evening. During the night her illness rapidly increased, and before morning she died. Immediately upon hearing of her death, the husband of the poor creature went to her residence and literally stripped the corpse of jewellery and clothing, and then abandoned the place to any comer. Eventually the frail sisterhood subscribed among themselves to give the corpse a decent burial, while the spoiler of the dead refused to disgorge any of his prey for the purpose.

A Hamilton journal states that a strange incident occurred lately at Mr McKellan's Strathtell station, on which are some deer running. It seems that a fine buck, by rubbing his antlers against the fence, had succeeded in removing some palings, and escaped from his enclosure through the aperture so made. James Catton, the gardener, went up to the animal, which was usually very quiet, and had succeeded in placing his hand upon him. The stag suddenly turned on him, and ripped the poor fellow's stomach in a frightful manner. George Lindsay, the groom, who was on horseback at the time, came up to render assistance, and for that purpose dismounted from his horse. The buck then attacked him, and plunged his antlers into his left breast above the heart, penetrating a couple of inches. Had not the groom managed to scramble on to his horse and gallop away, worse might have befallen him, for the stag was preparing to renew the attack, and chased him some distance. On getting off his horse, Lindsay found there had been considerable loss of blood from his wound. Both men, although confined to their beds, are progressing towards recovery.

The latest advices from Queensland state that Charles Frederic, George Palmer, and John Williams, the murderers of the gold-buyer (Mr Halligan), were executed at Rockhampton on the 24th ult. Palmer went to his doom silently, and with apparent resignation. Williams persisted to the last in proclaiming his innocence. In his dying speech he invoked curses on the heads of the judge, the jury, and the witnesses—in fact on all who had been instrumental in procuring his condemnation. The scene is said to have been terrific. A storm was raging. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the tropical rain descended in torrents, as the unhappy wretch—the halter around his neck—poured forth his vehement denunciations. Even after the cap was adjusted, the voice of Williams, strong and determined, was again heard through it, saying, "Justice will yet be done to me in the world. I leave you my death, and the shame of it." The executioner drew the bolt, and two of the murderers of Patrick Halligan were launched into eternity.

Denis McKinlay (a Sydney merchant), has been sentenced to five years', Patrick McKinlay to two years', and Rogers and O'Brien to five years' hard labour, for conspiring to defraud.

## The Lord Byron Scandal.

The best summary we have seen of Mrs Stowe's charge is given by the London correspondent of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, who writes of it in the following terms:—"A new 'sensation' has recently risen up. Mrs Beecher Stowe, the authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a thrilling tale of negro life, &c., has written, in a recent number of Macmillan's Magazine, an article professing to be the true history of the life of Lord Byron. She founds her statements upon some intimacy with the late Lady Byron, and an alleged written statement given to her by the same to read, and which she says she did read, whilst in a state of great excitement, some thirteen years ago, and returned to Lady Byron. Upon this slender foundation Mrs Stowe says that the true cause of the separation of Lord and Lady Byron was the knowledge possessed by the latter that her husband was carrying on an incestuous intercourse with his half-sister Augusta. The matter has been the chief subject of private conversation everywhere, and Mrs Stowe is condemned for her sensational article, and her want of taste and decency, as well as breach of confidence. Defenders of Lord Byron have sprung up in all directions, but the stab and its sting cannot be wholly removed. The lawyers of Lady Byron and her family say that under her will all papers, of every kind, have been sealed up and placed in the hands of trustees.

The *Australasian*, in a long and able review of the subject, remarks:—"The very statement of the charge against Lord Byron is its best confutation. Profligate, daring, unscrupulous, as the man is admitted to have been, he must have been something more than a fiend to have done what was charged against him. He must have been a fool, of a folly incompatible with any perfection in wickedness. We need hardly ask whether the story is credible. We ask, Is it even consistent with itself? Does it hold together by its parts? Let us consider what it is we are asked to believe. The subject of Mrs Beecher Stowe's horrible calumny is Augusta, Byron's half-sister, born some six or seven years before himself, and therefore, at the period in question (1815) a mature woman of some thirty-three or thirty-four years of age. (Byron himself was born in 1788.) She was married at this time to Colonel Leigh, and was the mother of several children. Up to the publication of Mrs Stowe's article, not a single whisper had ever been breathed of any undue intimacy between the brother and sister, although many pens have been employed by his enemies to rake up matter of accusation against Byron. The whole tenor of his known intercourse with his sister is opposed to the idea of any incestuous connexion. The purulent imagination of the American authoress has indeed discovered hints and allusions to the filthy crime in some of Byron's poems, but we doubt whether there are half-a-dozen other intelligent persons in the world, men or women, who could read 'Manfred' or 'Cain' in such a light. The direct references made in Lord Byron's poems are among the most touching and beautiful things in his works, and we cannot envy the soul of the creature who can conceive the idea of incest in such lines as these:—

My sister, my sweet sister! If a name  
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;  
Mountains and seas divide us, but I chime  
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.  
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—  
A loved regret, which I would not resign.  
There are yet two things in my destiny—  
A world to roam through and a home with thee.

The first were nothing; had I still the last  
It were the haven of my happiness.  
But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
And mine is not the wish to make them less.  
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past  
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress.  
Revered for him our grandfathers' fate of yore—  
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

With reference to the sister of Lord Byron, upon whom Mrs Stowe has attempted to cast so foul a blot, the *Athenaeum* observes:—"So long as nothing is proved of what has been asserted, a reservation of judgment is the merest justice to the parties implicated. The memory of one of them—Mrs Leigh—is sacred in the hearts of her two daughters, by whom she was as fondly loved when living as she is now revered being dead. Her retired, gentle, pure, and modest life when she resided—by favour, we believe, of Queen Adelaide—in St. James's Palace, is still a cherished theme with surviving friends. God help those daughters for whom sympathy alone will not suffice! We refrain from inserting correspondence on this matter, the writers, for the most part, communicating only their opinions and convictions. We wait for light; and we sincerely wish that the commercial atmosphere did not closely envelope the relation. We are ready to believe in Mrs Stowe's high principles, and we hope to hear from her a denial that she has touched honorarium for the story she has told. We are quite sure she holds, with all moralists, that gold unworthily earned leaves a stain indelible."

Historians and numismatists will be interested in the fact that in the new coinage of Jamaica the Queen is represented of her own age, and not, as on our own coins, as a very young lady.

## Relics from the Ship Batavia, Wrecked in 1629.

Amongst some of the recent additions to the Museum of Antiquities in connection with the Sydney University—frequently designated in honour of its Founder the "Nicholsonian Museum"—are two very interesting objects connected with the earliest history of Australia. The first of these is a much weather-worn broken dram glass, about two inches and three-quarters high, and tapering towards the base, where the glass is unusually thick. It is ornamented with flowers and a series of festoons, cut deep into the glass, around the outer rim. The other object is a massive and highly ornamented sword belt buckle, of bronze, partially gilt, about six inches long and two inches and a half wide. These remarkable objects were both found not long ago (by Capt. Stokes, R.N., of H.M.S. surveying ship Beagle), on one of the Albrohos, also called Houtman's Group, a small cluster of rocky barren islands, about 200 miles off the coast of Western Australia, a little to the north of what is now known as the mouth of Swan River. From the antique appearance of these well-authenticated relics, and the isolated position of the locality in which they were discovered, it is evident they must have belonged to the Batavia—a Dutch ship, wrecked on one of those lonely and desolate islands during the night of the 4th of June, 1629. The Batavia was one of the eleven vessels sent out from Holland in the seventeenth century, by the Dutch Government, under Captain Francis Pelsart, to take possession of Australia, or (as the Dutch then commonly called it) the "Great Southern Land." It was, moreover, intended, at that time, to found a colony, or at least a large settlement on these distant coasts. The history of the Batavia is a very singular and terrible one. After the actual wreck (when all or nearly all, appear to have been saved), the majority of the crew mutinied—murdered each other by wholesale, together with many of those who remained faithful to their duty. The Captain and some few of his crew, however, got away from the Albrohos, and in a small skiff or open boat, managed to arrive in safety at the mainland—being, as we supposed, the first Europeans who ever set foot in New Holland, or Australia. Pelsart and those that were with him then sailed many hundred miles up the Australian coast to the northward, until they reached a tolerably well-known point far away in the tropics; whence they stood off the land for Java, and so finally arrived, after suffering many privations, at the city of Batavia. But a very large number of the crew were left behind at the Albrohos islands, and amongst those most unhappy and abandoned men, scenes of murder and unchecked violence prevailed, until a Dutch ship (the Saardam, frigate) at length made its appearance with Captain Pelsart, to look after the remnant that was left. He found the mutineers had already murdered one hundred and twenty-five persons, but that some few still bravely resisted the traitors. The ringleader (Jerome Cornelis) and about seventy or eighty of his associates were promptly and sternly executed on the spot by Captain Pelsart, who then sailed for Java, on the 28th September, 1629. [See Thevenot's "Collections," and Bennet's "Australian Discovery and Colonisation," chapter 2, page 18.] It is to be observed that this sword-belt buckle was worn, according to the fashion of that day, in front, obliquely—on a leathern belt, settled like the ribbon of a Chivalric Order; not fastened round the waist, as at present. The belt of which it formed part probably once belonged to an officer, and may (possibly) have been worn by the pirate Cornelis himself. These interesting illustrations of a dark and dreadful episode in the early history of Australia were presented to the Sydney University Museum by Major W. H. Christie, formerly Postmaster General of this colony.

The *European Mail* has been favoured by Mr Holmuth Schwartz, of London, with the following complaint from an eminent French manufacturer:—"In sorting our New Zealand wools, we are obliged to take out all portions covered with marking tar, in order to have the end of the staple cut off. This is an expensive operation, and as it moreover causes great waste, it makes the washed wool stand at much higher prices than would otherwise be the case. The evil is still more serious when some of these tar-topped staples escape the attention of our sorters, which—by reason of their really extraordinary quantity—is only too often the case. The tar will not dissolve in hot water; and in passing through the machinery it breaks the delicate points of cards and combs, from whence it can only with difficulty be extracted. Portions of it remain in the combed wool and in the noils—the former making in consequence a bad yarn, and the latter being almost unsaleable at even very low prices. Now all this loss and inconvenience might be avoided if growers would use a soluble substance for marking their sheep. In Europe, red ochre is generally employed. It serves its purpose perfectly, and has none of the above-mentioned annoying drawbacks." Our contemporary commends the matter to the careful consideration of wool-growers.

## A Hindoo Widow-Marriage in Exceelsis.

"Horie Hase," in the *Indian Daily News*, tells the following story:—"I was reading the other day the story of the Egyptian fellow who loved the Saxon maiden, and swam after her either to win her or to die; but I have got a tale to equal that. By the northern shores of the lakes where poets have dwelt, who, like Wordsworth, have born the name of 'lake poets,' there is a Bengallee woman, the wife of an engine-driver. The cold Cumberland hills face her now instead of those within whose shadow she was born at Rungunge. She was a virgin-widow: the engine-driver did not rescue her, as Job Charnock did his widow, from the burning pile. A poor Brahmin, who was timekeeper in the same yard as that at which the engine-driver worked, often spoke of the widow; and the man who drove an engine at the rate of forty to fifty miles an hour, swore at stationmasters and firemen, ran over bullocks, and was cool in all dangers, conceived the idea of marrying this woman. The Brahmin—a progressive Brahmin—consented; the woman—the girl, I should say—agreed: and one evening, after a quiet baptism, the Cumberland man took to his home his Bengallee Brahmin wife. Two years afterwards, he returned to England. His wife went with him—a hearty, happy woman, and she is now working hard, learning fast, and is a perfect lioness amongst her husband's friends. Talk of men crossing the sea for their examinations, but here is the first instance, I should fancy, of a Bengallee woman—a Brahmin—going across with her European husband to live and die in an English home."

## Bran for Babies.

Everybody knows that dolls are stuffed with sawdust, but that real babies should be packed and preserved in bran is probably new to most people; and yet the practice is not—if we may express ourselves in the sorry pun which suggests itself—a bran new one. On the contrary, it has been tried long enough to have enabled one lady to bring up a family of five children, all of whom were lodged in cradles filled with bran, in which they slept away the unconscious sleep of infancy. Some years ago, a doctor residing in a French village not far from Paris—a M. Bourgeois, of Crepion, Valois—took it into his head that the cleanest, healthiest, and best way of managing infants was to discard all the clothing peculiar to their age in favour of bran, in which material they were to be deposited for the night or whenever they sleep. It was not long before he succeeded in finding an adventurous matron willing to try his method; and now this theory has, we are assured, become so fashionable that the doctor is unable to meet all the demands made upon his time in order to instruct young mothers in the process, and so he has constructed some little models affording a practical view of his plan. As we have recently chatted with a clever French lady who has had personal experience in the process, and is not a little enthusiastic about it, a few practical details may be interesting. A hair pillow is put in, and then the bran is moved aside with the hands until a hollow is formed the size of a child's body. The infant, divested of everything below the waist, and having a little bodice or cape above that, is then placed in the bran, and its body completely covered with it, exactly as may be seen at the seaside at the present time, where children play at burying one another in the sand. A light coverlet or counterpane is finally placed above all, and baby is in bed for the night. The method is pursued from almost as soon as infants are born until they are eight or ten months old. In answer to our inquiries as to whether they did not kick their legs out of the bran, whether it was not uncleanly, and liable to become wet, and how far it was capable of being adapted to the varying temperatures of season, &c., we were assured that the children did not do the first, unless the weather was very hot, and the coverlet was sufficient; and the two great advantages connected with bran were its particular cleanliness, and the very equable and pleasant temperature which it maintained around the infant's body. Bran speedily absorbs fluids brought in contact with it, and the moist portions get covered with the dry, so as not to become cold or unpleasant to the child's skin. In the morning, when the infant is taken out, all the soiled bran is easily removed, and replaced by fresh—an entirely new supply being required about once a fortnight. The liability to irritation and other affections of the skin, so common to infants where the strictest attention to cleanliness is not maintained, is said to be unknown.

Such are the advantages to be derived from packing babies in bran, as related to us, and the statements of fact were corroborated by others. The suggestion is a plausible one, but we have no evidence of its working. It is certainly very primitive and simple, and such as we can fancy might have been conceived and practised by prehistoric man, and not by fashionable ladies of this age, close to the great capital of France.—*The Lancet*.

## Selected Poetry.

## THE CHATTERBOX.

I've a woo bit lassie, scarce three years old,  
With bonny blue eyes and locks of gold;  
Spry as a squirrel, sly as a fox,  
And we've christened our darling Chatterbox.

When the world awakens to its cares  
I hear her footsteps on the stairs,  
Hugging her doll, singing her rhymes,  
Pattering, chattering, up she climbs.

Farewell musing and farewell rest,  
The wee dove comes to the parent nest,  
Tattling, prattling, she laughs and knocks—  
"Ope the door," calls Chatterbox.

Coffee and eggs, toast and tea,  
A little voice claims them all from me—  
"Me wants that, and me wants this,"  
Our wee girl is a saucy miss.

"Me wants this, and me wants that"  
Daddy seizes shoes and hat:  
Ten minutes late, by watches and clocks!  
And all through little Chatterbox.

Summer or winter, frost or rain,  
As I leave I look to the window pane,  
With a laughing lip and a loving eye  
Chatterbox nods to say good-bye.

Throughout the day, with fun and noise,  
My wee pet romps with kit and toys;  
Or, tricked up oddly, plays Gey Fawkes:  
She's a comical puss, my Chatterbox!

Or, with the old sword-belt and disused plume,  
A volunteer, she struts the room:  
Or sets up shop with fancied wares,  
And sells invisible plums and pears.

Swallows gathering for a flight,  
Rooks retiring for a night,  
Starlings gossiping in flocks,  
Have tongues like my wee Chatterbox.

Clack, clack! like the wheels of a mill,  
Or a pony clattering down a hill:  
"Tis enough to make one mad or ill—  
My darling girl, can you never be still?"

Stop the sea as it flows up the sand,  
Stop the wind with a wave of your hand,  
Stop the river that runs on the rocks,  
But I defy you to stop my Chatterbox.

May Heaven preserve from year to year  
The daughter that we hold so dear,  
The blue-eyed pet with golden locks—  
Our darling, noisy Chatterbox.

## Wit and Humour.

When is a man like a tea-kettle just on the boil?—When he is going to sing.

A GOOD RETURN.—A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the Prodigal Son—I shall reform by-and-by."—"And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and accordingly off she went.

A WICKED FIRM.—The *Illinois Independent* says:—"A printer proposed to go into partnership with us last week. His name is Doolittle, and ours Steal. The firm's name would sound very bad, whatever way you put it.—'Steal and Doolittle,' or 'Doolittle and Steal.' We can't join—one of us would soon be in the poor house, and the other in the penitentiary."

M. LECROIX, of the French Institute, relates that when he once threatened a little damsel "that if she didn't behave properly he would tell everyone he knew." The child responded, "Well, that doesn't trouble me."—"And pray why not?" he asked.—"Because," replied the precocious little philosopher, "there are a great many more people that you don't know, and they will never hear anything about it."

"TRY ME A BALLAD, ladye fayre, my ladye a ballad tyn," and ye man he twirled ye black moustache that covered his upper lip. She lays ayle her 'broyderie—for his love she stryves to wye—and to a weid-like ayr the ladye fayre attunes her mandolyn. "I do not cayre for a wylde romance of ye days of old," says he, "but rather I'd hear, if my ladye please, some touching melodye." And over ye ladye's mnsye book, ye gallant soldier leans, while she sings with a sweet and angel voice, "Captain Jynks of ye Horse Marynes."

A QUANT EUTRIPIL.—From a contemporary we take the following mortuary advertisement:—"Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion, Doth lay the landlord of the Lion; His son keeps on the business still, Designed unto the heavenly will."

A CITIZEN of Washington once rang at the door of the British Minister, and telling the servant that he had important business with his master, was shown into an ante-room, where he was soon joined by that official. When the following dialogue took place:—"May I ask, sir, what business it is you have with me?"—"Certainly, sir. It is just this: in passing your house I learned that you had a whist party here, to night, and as I am remarkably fond of the game I thought I would just step in and try see what are the trumps." The sublime impudence of the thing so amused the minister that he invited the intruder into the room where the guests were assembled, and introduced him as "the most important man in America."

DISMISSING THE BASTARD.—"I engaged," says a tourist, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the Irish driver came to the door and opened it. 'What are you at, man? This isn't where I ordered you to stop.'—'Whist, yer honor, whist!' said Paddy, in an under-tone.—'I am only 'desavving the baste.' I'll just bang the door; he'll think yer out, and then he'll cut up the bill like Ould Serpant, and if he don't!"



Kawarau Gorge Advertisements

**DIGGER'S REST HOTEL,**  
KAWARAU GORGE.  
  
NICHOLAS CAMPION,  
Proprietor.  
  
Wines and Spirits of the best description.  
  
STABLING.

**SLUICER'S ARMS HOTEL,**  
KAWARAU GORGE.  
  
JOHN WRIGHTSON,  
Proprietor.  
  
GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS.  
  
GOOD STABLING. Three Loose Boxes, second to none.  
  
BILLIARDS.

**WHITEHART HOTEL,**  
KAWARAU GORGE.  
(On the main road to Queenstown).  
  
THOMAS HERON,  
Proprietor.  
  
GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS.

Queenstown Advertisements.

**QUEENSTOWN SHOEING FORGE.**  
  
J. BRIDGE,  
General Blacksmith and Farrier,  
REES STREET, QUEENSTOWN.  
  
First-rate Stabling: good Oaten Hay.  
  
HORSES FOR HIRE.

**QUEEN'S ARMS HOTEL**  
QUEENSTOWN.  
  
A. EICHARDT PROPRIETOR.  
Private Rooms for Families.  
SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.  
  
A large and commodious STABLE, capable of accommodating twenty horses, has recently been completed, and has been pronounced by all who have visited the district as second to none in Dunedin. An experienced groom in attendance.  
  
Booking Office for Cobb & Co's line of Coaches.

**PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL,**  
(Corner of Beach and Rees streets),  
QUEENSTOWN.  
W. M'LAY PROPRIETOR.  
  
The above Hotel continues to keep up its reputation as one of the most comfortable in the Wakatipu district. The best accommodation for guests and boarders.  
  
FIRST CLASS STABLING.  
The only paddock accommodation in the district.  
The Pioneer of Sixpenny Drinks.

**WAKATIP SAW MILLS**  
J. W. ROBERTSON & CO.,  
TIMBER MERCHANTS,  
QUEENSTOWN.  
  
Every description of SAWN TIMBER constantly on hand, at FRANKTON and QUEENSTOWN.

**ROBERT BOYNE,**  
GENERAL STOREKEEPER  
AND NEWS AGENT,  
Queenstown, Lake Wakatipu.  
  
A large stock of Groceries and other goods always on hand. Importer of English and Colonial Newspapers. Orders punctually attended to, and newspapers forwarded to any part of the district.  
  
Agent for the CROMWELL ARGUS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**ALBION HOTEL AND STORE,**  
LUGGATE,  
(28 miles from Cromwell, on the main road to Lake Wanaka).  
  
H. MAIDMAN Proprietor.  
  
This well-known Hotel possesses every accommodation for the comfort and convenience of travellers.  
Groceries, Clothing, Drapery, Ironmongery, Mining Tools, &c., &c., constantly on hand, at Cromwell prices.  
  
GOOD STABLING.  
N.B.—District Post Office.

**R. PRITCHARD,**  
Wholesale and Retail Storekeeper,  
WINE, SPIRIT, AND PROVISION MERCHANT,  
ARROWTOWN.  
  
The largest and best-assorted stock of Wines, Spirits, Groceries, and Provisions in the district.  
  
A well-assorted stock of Boots and Shoes, Drapery, &c.  
  
Agent for T. ROBINSON & Co., Agricultural Implement Manufacturers, Dunedin & Melbourne.

**NOTICE.**  
  
WE, the undersigned, beg to inform the inhabitants of the Cromwell, Alexandra and Clyde districts that we have appointed  
  
I. HALLENSTEIN & CO.,  
CROMWELL,  
as our only Agents for the sale of our Silk dressed FLOUR, BRAN, and POLLARD.  
We guarantee all Flour branless with our name and obtained through the above agents.  
  
ROBERTSON & HALLENSTEIN,  
Brunswick Flour Mills,  
Lake Wakatipu.

**VULCAN HOTEL, ST. BATHANS.**  
SAMUEL HANGER, Proprietor.  
First-class Accommodation for Travellers.  
  
Always on hand—Wines, Spirits, and Ales of the best quality.  
  
BILLIARD TABLE—GOOD STABLING.  
BLACKSMITH'S SHOP adjoining. Horses shod on the shortest notice.

**JUNCTION HOTEL,**  
TUAPEKA ROAD,  
(Seventeen miles from Lawrence).  
  
HUGH MACKENZIE,  
(Late of Manukerika).  
  
Desires to inform his numerous friends throughout the Northern Gold-fields that he has purchased the JUNCTION HOTEL, lately kept by Mr Thomas Higgs; and that he is enabled to offer, at the above hotel, accommodation equal to that of any house on the road.  
  
Branch Booking Office for Cobb's Coaches to Teviot and Switzer.  
Passengers change coaches for Switzer at the Junction Hotel.  
Good stabling and paddock accommodation.

**CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR!**  
NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS.  
  
WE have just added to our already large Stock, a splendid assortment of  
**COLONIAL CLOTHING.**  
Made expressly to our order.  
  
ALSO,  
**LADIES' DRAPERY,**  
of all kinds, carefully selected by our Melbourne Importers.  
  
I. HALLENSTEIN & CO.,  
Drapers, Clothiers, Best & Shoe Importers,  
ETC. ETC.  
Cromwell, Dec. 20.

**NOTICE** is hereby Given, that the PARTNERSHIP for some time existing between us, the undersigned, as BAKERS at LOGANTOWN, BENDIGO GULLY, under the style or firm of "STEVENSON & RABY," has this day been DISSOLVED by mutual consent. All Debts due by the late Firm will be paid by J. STEVENSON, who will also receive payment of all Accounts owing to the Firm.  
  
The BUSINESS will in future be carried on by JAMES STEVENSON on his sole account.  
Dated this 17th day of December 1869.  
  
JAMES STEVENSON.  
WILLIAM RABY.

**BAKERY,** LOGANTOWN, BENDIGO GULLY.  
  
J. STEVENSON  
Has much pleasure in informing the Residents of the BENDIGO GULLY District that he is now prepared to SUPPLY them with  
**BREAD OF THE BEST QUALITY,**  
At their own residences, Daily.  
  
A choice assortment of Biscuits and CONFECTIONERY always kept in stock.

The Provinces.

As some men were engaged digging a hole recently in the back yard of Messrs W. G. Harrison & Co's premises, Pollen-street, they unearthed a pretty large frog, at a depth of four or five feet from the surface. We saw the frog in a bottle of water during the evening, and it appeared as lively as could possibly be expected after a rude awakening from a sleep of perhaps centuries. The formation in which the frog was found was of gravel, and quite dry. During the last few months frogs have been found at Tararua and Puriri, and with this latest discovery in our midst, there can be no longer any doubt, we imagine, of their being indigenous to the country.—*Times Evening Star.*

The *Wellington Independent* in a late issue announces that Wirimu Mahupuku, a Maori, has duly filed his schedule, and declared his inability to pay his debts. This is the first insolvent of the native race who has come under our notice, but in all probability the fashion once started will be extensively followed, and our dusky brethren will learn to appreciate the advantages of whitewashing as highly as any of their European neighbours. The *Wellington Mercury* mentioning the affair says:—His liabilities amount to £533, including £400 due to the estate of J. M. Taylor and Co.; his assets are one horse, value £5, and two fowls, value £20. The event is noted in a *Wellington contemporary* as the advance of civilization; but the richest part of the affair is that he is one of the wealthiest landowners in the valley, but the creditors cannot touch the land, as it has not gone through the Land Court. The yearly rents received by this noble savage (writes our contemporary) amount to something considerable.

A destructive whirlwind was recently experienced in Nelson, and did considerable damage to property in the town. The large panes of glass in some of the shops were blown in; corrugated iron roofing was stripped off and carried away; a large crane, in which crockery had been imported, was whirled into the air to a height of fifteen feet, against a hotel window, which it smashed; stacks of timber were thrown down, and sheds levelled with the ground; a cow was killed by the falling of a shed upon it; and other serious damage was caused.

A fatal accident occurred in the Timaru Harbour on the 18th inst., by the capsizing of one of the boats of the steamer *Maori* (commanded by Capt. Malcolm) as it was returning from the shore, there being a heavy swell on at the time. The names of the passengers who were in the boat were Messrs Balfour, Jos. Smallwood, Farrier, Manzie, Parker, Birker, and Capt. Malcolm—right in all. Six of the passengers were saved, but Mr Balfour and Mr Smallwood were drowned, every effort made to rescue them being unavailing. Mr Balfour was on his way to Wellington to spend Christmas with his family there, but hearing of the death of Mr Peterson, who was an old schoolmate, he determined to return to Dunedin to attend his funeral, and return North by the *Tararua*.—*Wairarapa Herald.*

The New Zealand Metropolitan Race Meeting is to be held on the Christchurch race-course during the visit of the Flying Squadron to Lyttelton, and as near the following dates as possible, namely, the 4th, 5th, 6th January, 1870. The total amount of money offered for races still open to entry is £1210, in 14 events, the great one being the Canterbury Cup, of £300, added to a sweepstake of £20 each, £5 forfeit.

Mr J. B. Thomson, formerly Chief Detective Officer in Southland, and who has for some years held a similar position in the Otago Police Force, has been appointed to an Inspectorship in the New Zealand Constabulary Force now being organized under Mr Commissioner Bruntzen. Mr Thomson is an old member of the Victorian Force, and during his residence in Dunedin has shown that he possesses qualities which pre-eminently fit him for the office to which he has been appointed.

A rather singular coincidence occurred at the Masonic installation in the Kilwinning Lodge at Hokitika on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning, 2nd inst. Mr John Lazar, as is well known, is one of the highest Masons in the Colony, and has assisted at all occasions like the one in question. As a matter of course, his health is always a touch of the evening, and on this occasion it was proposed at a quarter past 12 exactly. Mr Lazar, in responding, remarked that that day sixty-six years, in the year 1803, on the 1st December, at twenty minutes past 12 o'clock, he first saw the light. As might be imagined, this created a *furor* amongst the brethren assembled, and foaming bumpers of champagne were drunk to the health of their veteran guest, in honour of his natal day.

A terrific thunderstorm occurred at Picton on the 15th inst. Houses were struck and destroyed by the lightning; and a boy, ten years of age, son of Mr Conolly, barister, was also struck and instantaneously killed. Several very narrow escapes occurred.  
  
Dr Featherston and Mr Dillon Bell sailed from Melbourne by the home mail steamer on the 7th inst.

A True Story of President Lincoln.

(From *All the Year Round*.)  
  
During the summer of the most disastrous and doubtful year of the late American war, the colonel of a New Hampshire regiment lay for some weeks extremely ill of camp fever, near Hampton Roads, Virginia. Hearing of his critical condition, his wife left her northern home, and, after much difficulty, made her way to his bedside. Her cheerful presence and careful nursing so far restored him that he was in a short time able to be transferred to Washington. In the Potomac river, the steamer in which the invalid officer and his wife had taken passage was sunk, in a collision with a larger vessel, in the night-time. The crew and nearly all the soldiers on board were rescued, or saved themselves; but amid the horrible confusion of the scene, Colonel Scott became separated from his wife, and she was lost. The sad search was fruitless; it was resumed in the morning, the people along the shore, humane Confederates, lending their aid. But the gray, sullen river refused to give up its dead, and the young officer, half frantic with grief, was compelled to go on to Washington. Within a week, however, he received word from below that the body of the lady had washed on shore—that those good country people, generous foes, had secured it, cared for it, and were keeping it for him.  
  
It happened that just at that time imperative orders were issued from the War Department, prohibiting all intercourse with the peninsula—a necessary precaution against the premature disclosure of important military plans. So it was with some misgivings that Colonel Scott applied to Mr Secretary Stanton for leave to return to Virginia on his melancholy duty.  
  
"Impossible, Colonel," replied Mr Stanton, firmly; "no one can have leave to go down the river, at this time, on any private mission whatever. Our present exigencies demand the most stringent regulations; and I hope I need not say to you that no merely personal considerations should be allowed to interfere with great national interests. Your case is a sad one; but this is a critical, perilous, cruel time. The dead must bury the dead."  
  
The colonel would have entreated, but the busy Secretary cut him short with another "impossible," from which there was absolutely no appeal. He went forth from the presence, and returned to his hotel, quite overwhelmed.  
  
Fortunately, he was that afternoon visited by a friend, to whom he told the story of his unsuccessful application and sad perplexity, and who immediately exclaimed, "Why not apply to the President?" The colonel had but little hope, but acknowledging that the plan was worth trying, drove with his friend to the White House. They were too late: it was Saturday evening, and the President had gone to spend Sunday at Soldier's Rest, his usual retreat. This was but a few miles from town, and the colonel's indomitable friend proposed that they should follow him out, and that they went. There was then a popular belief that all the wronged, the troubled, and suffering could find a refuge in "Father Abraham's" spacious bosom; a belief that was not far out of the way. Yet there were times when, overburdened, worried, tortured, the patriarch longed to clear that asylum of its forlorn inmates, to bolt and bar and double lock it against the world; times when life became too hard and perplexing for his genial, honest nature, too serious and tragic and rascally a thing by half.  
  
It happened, unluckily, that the poor colonel and his friend found the president in one of his most despondent and disgusted moods. He was in his little private parlour, alone in the gloaming. He was lounging loosely in a large rocking-chair, his slippered feet were exalted, his long throat bare—he was in his shirt sleeves! Yes, dear, fastidious English reader, it was genuine Yankee *abandon*—in the most of it! He turned upon his visitors a look of almost savage inquiry. There was, indeed, in his usually pleasant eyes, a wild, angry gleam; a something like the glare of a worried animal at bay.  
  
Colonel Scott proceeded very modestly to tell his story; but the president interrupted him, to say brusquely, "Go to Stanton; this is his business."  
  
"I have been to him, Mr President, and he will do nothing for me."  
  
"You have been to him, and got your answer, and still presume to come to me! Am I to have no rest, no privacy? Must I be dogged to my last fastnesses and worried to death by inches? Mr Stanton has done just right. He knows what he is about. Your demands are unreasonable, sir."  
  
"But, Mr Lincoln, I thought you would feel for me."  
  
"Feel for you! Good God! I have to feel for five hundred thousand more unfortunate than you. We are at war, sir; don't you know we are at war? Sorrow is the lot of all; bear your share like a man and a soldier."  
  
"I try to, Mr President, but it seems hard. My devoted wife lost her life for coming to nurse me in my sickness, and I cannot even take her body home to my children."  
  
"Well, she ought not to have come down to the army. She should have stayed

at home—that is the place for women; but if they will go tearing about the country in such times as these, and running into all sorts of danger, they must take the consequences. Not but that I am sorry for you, colonel. As for your wife, she's at rest, and I wish I were."  
  
Saying this, the President leaned back wearily in his chair, and closed his eyes, not noticing, except by a slight wave of the hand, the departure of his visitors. I am not ashamed to confess that my hero tossed restlessly that night upon a pillow wet with manly tears, that he was desperate and resentful, utterly unresigned to the decrees of Providence and the War Department, and that he thought Abraham Lincoln as hard as he was ugly, and as unhuman as he was ungainly.  
  
Towards morning he fell asleep, and slept late. Before he was full dressed, there came a quick knock at the door of his chamber, and he opened to President Lincoln! The good man came forward, pale and eager, tears glistening in his eyes, and grasped the colonel's hand, saying, "I treated you brutally last night. I ask your pardon. I was utterly tired out, bargained to death. I generally become about as savage as a wild cat by Saturday night, drained dry of the 'milk of human kindness.' I must have seemed to you the very gorilla the rebels paint me. I was sorry enough for it, when you were gone. I could not sleep a moment last night, so I thought I'd drive into town in the cool of the morning, and make it all right. Fortunately, I had no difficulty in finding you." "This is very good of you, Mr President," said the colonel, deeply moved. "No, it isn't; but that was very bad of me last night. I never should have forgiven myself, if I had let that piece of ugly work stand. That was a noble wife of yours, colonel! You were a happy man to have such a noble woman to love you; and you must be a good fellow, or such a woman would never have risked so much for you. What women there are in these times, colonel! What angels of devotion and mercy, and how brave and plucky!—going everywhere at the call of duty, facing every danger. I tell you if it were not for the women, we should all go to the devil, and should deserve to. They are the salvation of the nation. Now, come, colonel, my carriage is at the door. I'll drive you to the War Department, and we'll see Stanton about this matter."  
  
Even at that early hour they found the Secretary at his post. The President pleaded the case of Colonel Scott, and not only requested leave of absence should be given him, but that a steamer should be sent down the river, expressly to bring up the body of his wife. "Humanity, Mr Stanton," said the good President, his homely face transfigured with the glow of earnest, tender feeling, "humanity should override considerations of policy, and even military necessity, in matters like this." The Secretary was touched, and he said something of his regret at not having felt himself at liberty to grant Colonel Scott's request in the first place. "No, no, Mr Stanton," said the President, "you did right in adhering to your own rules; you are the right man for this place. If we had such a soft-hearted old fool as I here, there would be no rules or regulations that the army of the country could depend upon. But this is a peculiar case. Only think of that poor woman!" Of course the "impossible" was accomplished.  
  
To the surprise of the colonel, the President insisted on driving him to the navy yard, to see that the Secretary's order was carried out immediately; seeming to have a nervous fear that some obstacle might be thrown in the way of the pious expedition. He waited at the landing till all was ready, then charged the officers of the steamer to give every attention and assistance to his "friend Colonel Scott." With him he shook hands warmly at parting, saying, "God bless you, my dear fellow! I hope you will have no more trouble in this sad affair—and, colonel, try to forget last night." Far up in a New Hampshire churchyard there is a certain grave carefully watched and tended by faithful love. But every April time the violets on that mound speak not alone of the womanly sweetness and devotion of her who sleeps below—they are tender and tearful with the memory of the murdered President.  
  
Forty dollars per month are the wages of a maid-of-all-work in an Oregon household.  
  
Fifty-three female clerks have been appointed as copyists in the Patent-office, Washington—salary 700 dols. per annum.  
  
Water runs over Niagara Falls at the rate of 1,500,000,000 cubic feet every minute, giving a water-power force enough to perform all the manual labour in New York State.  
  
To PRESERVE MEAT IN HOT WEATHER.—M. Guigot states, in *Les Mondes*, that butcher's meat may be preserved in hot weather by placing it in large earthen jars, putting clean heavy stones upon it, and covering it with skim milk. The milk will become sour, of course, but may afterwards serve as food for pigs, and the meat will be found to have kept its natural primitive freshness, even after eight or ten days.

## New Advertisements.

WILL BE CLASSIFIED IN OUR NEXT.

**FOUND**, on Sunday Evening last, a BRIDLE.

The Owner can have same by applying at the ARGUS Office.

## FOR SALE.

A NUMBER OF SHARES in QUARTZ REEFS at Bendigo Gully and Carrick Ranges, Shares in Water Races, Franchised Properties, &c., &c.

For particulars apply to

R. F. BADGER,  
Mining and Estate Agent,  
Melmore-street.

## A Ball

WILL be held in the TOWN HALL, KAWARAU GORGE, On FRIDAY EVENING, 31st December 1869, in aid of the Funds of the Hall.

Single Tickets, 3s. each; Double Tickets, 5s.

By order of Committee,  
ALFRED M'MINN,  
Secretary.

## DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given, that the Partnership heretofore existing between FRANCIS MERCER and LANE OLIVER, carrying on business as Restaurant-keepers at Logantown, Bendigo Gully, under the style or firm of "Mercer & Oliver," has this day been DISSOLVED by mutual consent.

All accounts due by the late Firm will be paid by FRANCIS MERCER, who will also receive payment of all debts due to the Firm.

Dated the 15th December 1869.

FRANCIS MERCER,  
LANE OLIVER.

## CHALLENGE.

THE Undersigned is open to RUN any one in the Dunstan District (Flat or Hurdle Race), 150 yards, for £50 a-side.

W. S. REGAN.

Cromwell, Dec. 28, 1869.

## HAWEA SAW-MILLS.

The undersigned can supply SAWN TIMBER in any quantity.

Orders addressed to Albert Town will be punctually attended to.

BOARDS and SCANTLING at 16s. per 100 feet super, at the foot of the Lake (GLADSTONE), whence they can be conveyed by dray to Bendigo Gully or elsewhere.

J. D. ROSS,  
Hawea Saw-mills.

## LETT'S DIARIES.

LETT'S DIARIES.

Just Arrived,

EX MAY QUEEN,

AT

REITH &amp; NICOLSON'S,

PRINCES-STREET, DUNEDIN.

## WILLIAM SINCLAIR,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

PRINCES STREET,

(Opposite Criterion Hotel),

DUNEDIN.

## VULCAN FOUNDRY

GREAT KING-STREET,

DUNEDIN.

KINCAID, M'QUEEN, & CO.,  
Boilermakers, Engineers, Millwrights,  
Founders, Blacksmiths, &c.

All kinds of Castings in Iron and Brass done. Steam Engines and Boilers made and repaired. Overshot, Breast, and Turbine Waterwheels; Quartz-crushing Machinery; Pumping & Wind-ing Gear.

Cast-iron Sluice and Ripple Plates; wrought-iron Hopper Plates mounted to any size of hole; Gold Dredging Spoons, &c.

All kinds of Reaping, Threshing, Horse-power Machines, &c., repaired.

Flax-dressing Machines made to order.

## BOOKS!

**MEN OF THE TIME** (latest edition); Prescott's Works; Beckman's History of Invention; Mantell's Wonders of Geology; Dick's Sideral Heavens; Allard's Greek Testament (abridged); Rankine's Steam Engine, and Applied Mechanics; Hooker's N. Zealand Flora; Lavater's Physiognomy; Hogg's Natural Philosophy; Chambers's Information for the People; Buchanan's Domestic Medicine; Dictionary of Domestic Medicine; Dictionary of Daily Wants; Enquire Within. A great variety of Books on Light Literature, by popular authors; School Books, General Stationery, &c., very cheap, at

WILLIAM BAIRD'S,

GEORGE-STREET, DUNEDIN.

(Opposite Old-Fellows' Hall).

Books to Order procured on moderate terms.

## New Advertisements.

WILL BE CLASSIFIED IN OUR NEXT.

## NOTICE.

THE Proprietors of the OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND MINING JOURNAL have decided to bring out the FIRST NUMBER, with a 'Farmers' Supplement,' on 8th January. This will allow time for the publication of a Review of the Year, with Statistics.—All Advertisements for the Country Edition must be sent in to the Office, Stafford-street, not later than the Wednesday previous to publication.

R. T. WHEELER, Publisher.

## Cromwell Post Office.

## MAILS CLOSE:

For Kawarau Gorge, Edwards's, Nevis Ferry, Arrow River, Frankton, and Queenstown, every Sunday and Tuesday, at 9.30 p.m.  
For Rocky Point, Luggett, Albert Town, and Cardrona, every Tuesday, at 9.30 p.m.  
For Bannockburn and Nevis, every alternate Monday.

For Clyde, and Dunedin via Mount Ida, every Thursday and Saturday, at 3 p.m.

## MAILS ARRIVE:

From Clyde, and Dunedin via Mount Ida, every Monday and Wednesday, at 8 a.m.  
From Queenstown, Frankton, Arrow River, Edwards's, Nevis Ferry, and Kawarau Gorge, every Thursday and Saturday, at 3 p.m.  
From Cardrona, Albert Town, Luggett, and Rocky Point, every Thursday, at 3 p.m.  
From Nevis and Bannockburn, every alternate Wednesday, at 3 p.m.

## SAVINGS BANK AND MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

Open for the transaction of Money Order and Savings Bank business daily, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

## TELEGRAPH NOTICE.

The Telegraph Office is open to the public on week days from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and on Sundays from 10 to 10.30 a.m., and from 5 to 5.30 p.m., New Zealand mean time.

J. REEKIE, Postmaster.

## COMMERCIAL.

## ARGUS OFFICE,

Tuesday afternoon.

Business during the past week has had an increased tendency but it is expected that this week it will be even better, as there will be a great number of people from the outlying districts to witness the Races and Sports.

There has been a great deal of loading from Dunedin of general goods, and from Wakatipu of Robertson and Hallenstein's flour.

Cartage is the same as quoted last week, but it will no doubt be less by next advices, owing to the busy season being over.

Oats have fallen in price 1s per bushel.

Quotations are as follow:—

Flour (Robertson & Hallenstein's).—£17 to £19 per ton.	Pollard do. do. £13 per ton.
Bran do. do. 9 " "	Oats.—6s per bushel.
Wheat.—7s per bushel.	Chaff.—£7 per ton.
Hay.—£9	Straw.—£7 " "
Potatoes.—£8	Bread.—1s per 4lb loaf.
Butter.—2s per lb.	Cheese.—1s 6d "
Bacon.—1s 6d "	Ham.—1s 8d "
Eggs.—2s per dozen.	Kerosene.—4s 9d per gallon.
Candles.—1s 3d per lb.	Cartage from Dunedin.—£7 10s per ton.
Mutton.—4d to 6d	Beef.—7d and 8d

## BIRTH.

On the 16th inst., at Cromwell, Mrs DAVID BOOTH, of a daughter.

## THE Cromwell Argus.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1869.

JUSTICE can be administered roughly and with a high hand, or it may be dealt out with evenness of temper and impartiality. In these times, people weigh the conduct and the actions of those who hold the scales. The arbitrary style that ruled in the earlier part of this century is gone, and fortunately for ever. Suits have learnt that they are not humble, abject supplicants for justice. They go to the Courts demanding as their right a settlement of their disputes, as near as can be given, according to the code of laws that have been framed for the nation's welfare. They do not look for the wisdom of a Solomon or the integrity of a Socrates. They are content if the laws are impartially administered and due attention be given to their cases. As of old, they demand the latter; and though harsh judgments may be given, those who are forced to the Courts are generally satisfied if they perceive that the presiding power has given attention to the matter brought before it. Three things, however, are not lightly passed over, and these in themselves tend to bring the administration of the law into disrespect as well as disrepute. The first is, the exercise of arbitrary power; the refusal to listen patiently and calmly to the suitor's cause; the jumping at rapid conclusions; the snapping-up those who are exercising their right to appeal for a careful examination of their grievance, be it small or great. The second is, unnecessary delay in hearing cases; in procrastination of proceedings, or in hurrying them

over. The third is a bias exhibited to the one side or the other, arising from *ex parte* statements, or knowledge arrived at from one channel out of doors. Where these things are done, the respect held of the judgment-seat is of a very slender kind. Disorganisation soon rules: the private affairs and character of the judge are canvassed, and the motives that guide him are weighed in the balance. Not only this, but discontent begins to rule, and people begin to rebel, as by petitions, and loudly murmur forth their opinions. On the gold-fields of Victoria, this kind of administration of justice produced rebellion, in which men laid down their lives, and others were maimed. Generally speaking, since the Ballarat riot, consideration has been paid to the miner's wants. No matter how excellent are the laws, mining disputes will arise. It is in the nature of things—considering the adventurous pursuit of mining for gold; the excitement that naturally follows a new discovery; the rapid engagements that have to be entered into, and which the very emergency of the position forces on—that disputes should arise frequently. Hence the legislature established Warden's Courts, and gave easy access to them by holders of miners' rights. It did more, and rightly too: it gave the miners the right to bring any question before the special tribunal affecting their interests—not as a privilege, but as a right. It even went further than this, giving the miners power, under certain conditions, to form and make laws for their own governance. The legislation as contained in the Gold-fields Acts of California, as well as of these Australasian Colonies, has always been of a careful and special kind. In New Zealand, our legislators, profiting by the experience of other gold-producing countries, have succeeded in enacting in the Gold-fields Acts a code of laws that have given general satisfaction. They have considered it desirable, however, while giving the miners special Courts and laws suited to their requirements, to tax them also specially to maintain them. They have given officers to whom the miner has a right to go, in the person of the Wardens. It is the duty of those officers to listen to and hear complaints, to carry out the intention of the people's representatives; and it was recognised that promptness in decision was one of the great wants of the gold-fields. As a safeguard, however, against any injustice arising from this suddenly-required administration of the law, numerous appeals were provided for, and it is creditable to those who sit on the Bench that this power is seldom exercised—far less in proportion to the number of cases heard in the Warden's Courts than those that are adjudicated upon in the Supreme Court. We are endeavouring to state the case fairly, and to show that these Warden's Courts have been most wisely created, and, if properly administered, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence and effect. But we are quite certain that the Legislature never intended that the excellent machinery it created, as well as maintained at considerable cost, should be brought into contempt by any of the three causes we have alluded to. It is therefore with regret we have to call attention to the way justice is being administered in this district. The murmurs and petitions alluded to are becoming either so loud or so numerous that we cannot ignore them without being accused, if not of cowardice, at least of dereliction of our duty as an exponent of public opinion. We cannot, however—much as we should like—shut our ears to charges that should not be allowed to be made. We cannot escape the performance of an unpleasant duty; but we shall not specify particular complaints. It is useless to deny, however, that Mr Warden PYKE is arbitrary, and administers affairs with a very high hand indeed; that he is likewise not a model of patience on the Bench, but rather of irritability; and that the delays to suitors attending the Court be presides over are vexatious and costly. In stating these matters we perform only a public duty; but we should be wanting in its fulfilment if we did not bear testimony at the same time to the ability of Mr PYKE. That is not complained against; and as none of the charges are venial, we hope these remarks—forced from us by recent proceedings—will cause a change that may be more productive of harmony, and lead to a greater respect for the administration of the mining laws as well as for the seat of justice.

The fortnightly Escort which left Cromwell on Monday last took down 1430 ounces of gold, the Christmas washings-up contributing to the increase on the usual average.

The body of a Chinaman was found in Adams's Gully, near Bannockburn, on Monday morning last, by a shepherd employed on the Kawarau Station. It was in a very advanced state of decomposition, and had evidently lain for some weeks in the spot where it was found. Mr Halliday, of Bannockburn, who was informed of the discovery, at once conveyed information to the police at Cromwell, who proceeded to the spot and had the body removed in a box. An inquest was held before Vincent Pyke, Esq., District Coroner, yesterday, at which no evidence as to how deceased came by his death was forthcoming, and a verdict of "Found Dead" was accordingly returned.

On Wednesday last the Resident Magistrate's and Warden's Courts did not sit until near three o'clock p.m., and people were kept waiting about under a blazing sun to that hour, to suit the convenience of the Warden. The grumbling on this occasion was both loud and deep, and as it is not the first time complaints have been made touching the erratic way Courts have been held in Cromwell for the last few months, we mention the matter publicly. Formerly the attendance of Mr Warden Pyke on the appointed days was uncertain; now, the hours are always long after noon. This want of punctuality creates much discontent, and causes considerable inconvenience. Moreover, the business is confined to a short period, and is "rushed through,"—increasing the previous discontent, and adding fuel to the fire.

The December number of the *Illustrated New Zealand Herald* contains a well-executed engraving, entitled "The Rushman's Dream," from an original drawing by T. S. Cousins. It is printed in colours, and is certainly the finest specimen of colonial engraving we have yet seen.

No trace has yet been discovered of the body of the unfortunate man Steel, who was drowned on Wednesday, the 15th instant, while swimming from a raft which had become fixed on a rock in the Molyneux, a few miles above Wakefield.

"T.B.," a resident at Sowburn, sends us the following as his solution of the "water-pipe problem" published in this journal a few weeks ago:—"The 8-inch pipe contains sixty-four circular inches; the two 4-inch pipes only thirty-two; therefore, allowing for decrease of friction and greater capacity for pressure, the 8-inch pipe will carry nearly three times the quantity of the two 4-inch pipes." [Neither of our correspondents has yet given the correct answer to the question propounded.]

We are glad to observe by an advertisement in another column that the first number of the *Otago and Southland Mining Journal* is to appear on the 8th January. A "Farmers' Supplement" will accompany each number, and will doubtless prove a great additional attraction to the new journal.

A rather long and continuous wave of earthquake, rather than a shock, was felt in Cromwell about 4 p.m. on Christmas Day. It lasted for a minute, and our informant says he was lying on the sofa, and thought at first some one was shaking the side of the house next to him. The wave was also felt at Queenstown, and though quakes there are common enough, this one attracted attention owing to its duration.

We have been informed that the Wardens of the various Gold-fields of this Province will probably arrive in Cromwell to-day, on their way to Bendigo Gully, whither they are bound on a tour of inspection. So far as we can learn, the trip is not an official one.

The annual examination of the children attending the Cromwell District School was held in the school-house on Thursday last. The average attendance at the school is about 34, and 42 were present at the examination. Mr M'Kellar (the teacher), assisted by the Rev. Mr Drake and Mr Frazer, conducted the examination, which was in every respect satisfactory, the children exhibiting great proficiency in the various branches which are taught at the school. Dictation, reading, spelling, arithmetic, parsing, writing, and geography were successively engaged in, and in each a very creditable degree of efficiency was shown. In parsing and arithmetic, more especially, Mr M'Kellar is to be congratulated upon the success which has attended his exertions. In the junior classes, many of the children acquitted themselves very creditably, affording a sufficient proof of the care and trouble taken with them as well as with the pupils in the higher classes. At intervals during the day, under the direction of Mr M'Kellar, the children sang several very nice pieces of music, with surprising correctness, and with a heartiness and pleasure which was exceedingly enjoyable to witness. A number of readings and recitations were also given. The examination lasted from ten to twelve o'clock in the evening (an hour being allowed in the middle of the day for dinner), and at its conclusion prizes were distributed to the whole of the scholars—the Rev. Mr Drake, who presented them, addressing a few appropriate remarks to each recipient. The prizes, supplied by the Provincial Government, were anything but a suitable lot, and were also of an exceedingly poor description—not by any means a just reward for the intelligence and general proficiency shown by the majority of the scholars. The attendance of visitors was rather scanty,—the absence of several members of the School Committee, who, out of courtesy to the teacher, should have been present, being especially noticeable. After the distribution of prizes, three hearty cheers were given for Mr M'Kellar, a similar compliment was paid to the visitors, and the scholars then dispersed for their Christmas holidays.

We beg to remind our readers of the concert to be held this evening, programme of which will be found in another column. During the past week the various vocal and instrumental performers have been hard at work practising their respective pieces, and we anticipate that a very successful and really enjoyable concert will be the result. We understand that a large number of tickets have been sold.

In our advertising columns W. S. Regan challenges any one in the Dunstan district to run him 150 yards, flat race or over hurdles, for £50 a side.

A ball is announced to be held in the town-hall, Kawarau Gorge, on Friday evening next, proceeds to be given to the hall funds. It will be an agreeable wind-up to the racing festivities, and no doubt a large company will assemble on the occasion.

The annual Christmas races, held at Lowburn on Monday last, were visited by a goodly number of our townspeople, and were successful as usual. Messrs Luscombe, Tagg, and Jolly acted as stewards, and performed their duties in a very satisfactory manner. The sports were held near Perriam's Hotel, a portion of the main road being chosen as the race-ground, dust of course being exceedingly plentiful. For the first race, three-quarter mile heats, eight horses started, but the running lay entirely between Mr Dillon's bay cob, Doctor, and Mr Knudsen's bay mare, Kate. In the first heat, Doctor and Kate came to the winning post neck-and-neck, the rider of the former just landing his horse sufficiently in advance of Kate to gain the first place. In the second heat a capital race ensued between Doctor and the mare, the remainder of the horses bringing up the rear. In the third heat, Doctor and Kate only started. They raced neck-and-neck for about half the distance, when the mare took the lead; but unfortunately when about two hundred yards from the winning post she became dead lame, and the colt rushed to the front, thus winning the race. In the second race (heats), five horses started. The two first heats were won by Mr Wilson's bay mare Nelly, the other horses being easily beaten. For the trotting race six horses came to the post. Won by Mr Fleming's Polly. This race was not by any means a good one, most of the horses breaking very frequently. Money was very plentiful on the course, rolls of notes seeming to be the rule rather than the exception, and betting was extensively engaged in. At the conclusion of the races, a foot-race between Tom Fairley and Miller, for £10 a side, was got up, Fairley giving Miller 15 yards start out of 300. A good start was effected, the race being won by Fairley, who came in about five yards ahead of his opponent: time, 37secs. A match for £5 a side was then arranged between Fairley and W. S. Regan (distance, 150 yards), the former getting five yards start. This was a capital race, Fairley winning by about two yards: time, 19secs. A good deal of money changed hands on these events.

The want of a sufficient supply of water for the town during the hot weather of the last two or three weeks has elicited many angry remarks, and the conduct of the Municipal Council has been strongly censured. A little more water and a little less law would be hailed as a boon. At present our water supply—for the saving of the mere expense of a man to look after the race occasionally—is in a most disgraceful condition.

The Queenstown regatta, held on Monday last, was, we hear, a complete success, the attendance being excellent, the weather fine and the racing good. A great crowd of boat were out on the lake, and the day was kept as strict holiday.

On Monday afternoon a man, who was very much inebriated, essayed to cross the Kawarau River by means of the wire rope belonging to the inhabitants of Cornish Town, but instead of waiting till he got fairly seated in the "chair," he recklessly let go the shore-line, at the same time grasping the suspenders with both hands, and in this dangerous position was conveyed half-way across the river. It very fortunately happened that a miner was waiting to cross on the opposite bank, and by strenuous exertions he succeeded in hauling the "chair" on to the landing-place, and dragged the inebriate to a place of safety.

We take the following from the *Wellington Independent*:—"As the Flying Squadron will probably arrive here some time about the middle of January, it is high time some steps were taken to prepare for its reception. The squadron consists of six vessels, and the number of men on board is about 3000; the number of officers belonging to the ships is 112, but there are also a large number of supernumeraries. The Challenger, Blanche, and Rosario will probably be in harbor here along with the ships of the Squadron. Nine ships of war in our port at one time will be a sight worth seeing, and if they can only stay three or four days, the tradespeople—especially those who supply the shore necessities of life—will probably have no reason to regret the temporary presence of such a number of new customers in these dull times."

## ALEXANDRA RACES.

BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

FIRST DAY: MONDAY.

MAIDEN PLATE.

Brunette, 1; Wallaby, 2; Crinoline, 3. Five started.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.

First and third heats—Pacha, 1; Deborah, 2.

DISTRICT HANDICAP.

Nelly Gray, 1; Brunette, 2; Lady Ellen, Four started.

PUBLICANS' PURSE.

Raven won both heats. Six started.

SECOND DAY: TUESDAY.

HANDICAP TROTTER RACE.

Halliday's Kate (320 yards' start), 1; Stum (120 yards' start), 2; Snuggler, 3. Kate easily.

ALEXANDRA HANDICAP.

Two-mile race. Miss Foote, 1; Brunette, Bobby Burns, 3; Welford, 4. Splendid from start to finish.





## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisers in the CROMWELL ARGUS will have their names and addresses inserted in this column free of charge.

## CROMWELL.

Badger, R. F., Agent, Melmore street  
Barnes, W., Blacksmith and Farrier, do.  
Cose, Dr James, Surgeon, do.  
Cosear & Smith, Bakers and Grocers, do.  
Dawkins, James, Free Trade Butchery, do.  
Dagg, R. E., Clutha Hotel, do.  
Fitch, Allen, Draper and Clothier, do.  
Goodger, G. W., Junction Commercial Hotel, Melmore-street  
Lindsay, E., Blacksmith, Melmore-street  
Scott, J., Baker do.  
Marsh, John, Bridge Hotel, do.  
Kidd, Robert, Cromwell Hotel, do.  
Manders, H., Agent, do.  
Whetter, W. H., Bootmaker, do.  
Kelly, John M., Cordial Manufacturer, Melmore street  
Pierce, O., Smithfield Butchery, Melmore-st.  
Shanly, W. & Co., General Merchants, do.  
Smitham, William, Kawarau Hotel, do.  
Hallenstein, I. & Co., Merchants, do.  
Weaver, David, General Merchant, do.  
Matthews & Fenwick, General Printers, do.  
Hallenstein, I. & Co., Drapers and Clothiers

## CLYDE.

Auckland, W., Painter, Paperhanger, &c.  
Barlow, R., Watchmaker and Jeweller  
Brough, Anthony, Barrister and Solicitor  
Fitch, Allen, Draper and Outfitter  
Riley, Edward, Junction Hotel  
Marshall, M., Chemist and Druggist  
Cox, John, Port Philip Hotel  
Hazlett, James, General Merchant

## ALEXANDRA.

Beresford, W., Builder and Undertaker  
Culder, P., Bread and Biscuit Baker  
Jack, Alexander, Criterion Hotel  
Martin, W. B., Watch and Clock Maker  
Mason, J. H., Royal Mail Hotel.

## BENDIGO GULLY &amp; ROAD.

Beare, J., Reefers' Arms Hotel and Store  
Mercer, Francis, Temperance Restaurant  
M'Pherson, H., Wakefield Ferry and Hotel, Rocky Point  
Perriam, John, Welcome Home Hotel and Store, Lowburn.  
Smith and O'Donnell, Old Bendigo Hotel and Stores  
Stevenson, J., Al Bakery

## KAWARAU GORGE.

Campion, Nicholas, Diggers' Rest Hotel  
Heron, Thomas, White Hart Hotel  
Wrightson, John, Sluicers' Arms Hotel.

## BANNOCKBURN.

Halliday, J., Shepherd's Creek Hotel & Store  
Nicholas, J., Gladstone Coal Works  
Richards, J., Bannockburn Hotel and Store  
Stuart, James, Ferry Hotel.

## NEVIS.

Carnaby, George, British Stores  
Korll, C., Nevis Crossing Hotel and Store  
Thompson, Edward, Northumberland Arms Hotel and Store.

## QUEENSTOWN.

Boyne, Robert, Storekeeper and Nevis Agent  
Bridge, J., General Blacksmith and Farrier  
Eichardt, A., Queen's Arms Hotel  
M'Larn, W., Prince of Wales Hotel  
Robertson, J. W. & Co., Timber Merchants  
Robertson & Hallenstein, Brunswick Flour Mills

## ARROWTOWN.

Pritchard, R., General Merchant, Arrowtown

## WANAKA.

Hedditch & Russell, Wanaka Hotel, Pembroke

## DUNEDIN.

Baird, William, Bookseller and Stationer  
Braithwaite, Joseph, News-agent, Fleet-street  
Chaplin, John, & Co., Coach Proprietors  
Dickson, T., Cabinetmaker and Upholsterer  
Fraser, Alexander, Advertising and Commission Agent  
Hay Brothers, Tailors and Outfitters  
Key, W., Cabinetmaker and Upholsterer  
Matthews, George, Nurseryman, Seedsman, Sparrow and Thomas, Dunedin Ironworks and Seed-grower  
Tofield, Frederick, Watchmaker & Jeweller  
Thompson, W., Red Lion Hotel  
Wilson, W., Engineer, Boilermaker, &c.  
Winstanley, Thomas, Scandinavian Hotel  
Wheeler, R. T., Advertising and General Commission Agent

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Fenwick, R., East Taieri Hotel  
Hawyer, S., Vulcan Hotel, St. Bathans  
Maidman, H., Albion Hotel and Store, Luggate  
Mackenzie, Hugh, Junction Hotel, between Twapka and Teviot

## Dunedin Advertisements.

THOMAS WINSTANLEY'S  
SCANDINAVIAN HOTEL,  
MACLAGGAN-STREET,  
DUNEDIN,  
(Late of the National Hotel, Clyde.)  
First-class accommodation for Travellers.  
SINGLES AND DOUBLE BEDROOMS.  
The choicest brands of Wines, Beers, and Spirits.  
One of the best Billiard Tables.

HAY BROTHERS,  
TAILORS & OUTFITTERS,  
PRINCES-STREET,  
DUNEDIN,  
(Between Messrs Paterson & M'Leod's and the Criterion Hotel).

As our Stock is extremely well assorted in every department, We have great pleasure in inviting the Inhabitants of the Province to inspect it, And we feel assured that all those who will be kind enough to favour us with a visit, Will be forced to acknowledge that for Quality, Style, and Cheapness, It will (to say the least of it) compare favourably with any other in New Zealand.

Our great Motto in conducting our business is to give such VALUE to our Customers as to induce them to come back again, thus making their interest and ours IDENTICAL. Our past success is the best proof that this leading principle has been fully appreciated by the inhabitants of the Province of OTAGO.

Please Note the Address:

HAY BROTHERS,  
TAILORS & OUTFITTERS,  
PRINCES-STREET,  
DUNEDIN,  
Between Messrs Paterson & M'Leod's and the Criterion Hotel).

WHEELER'S  
ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
STAFFORD STREET, DUNEDIN.  
R. T. WHEELER,  
Collector, Advertising and General Commission Agent.

Agent for the CROMWELL ARGUS, Dunstan Times, Hokitika Leader, Hawke's Bay Herald, Lyttelton Times, Marlborough Press, Nelson Mail, Southland Times, Tapanui Times, Timaru Herald, Taranaki Herald, Panama Star and Herald, Waikouaiti Herald, Wakatipu Mail, West Coast Times, Wairarapa Mercury, &c.  
Note the Address:—Wheeler's Advertising Agency, Stafford-street, Dunedin.

EAST TAIERI HOTEL,  
EAST TAIERI.  
R. FENWICK PROPRIETOR.  
Wines and Spirits of the best brands.  
Stopping Place of Cobb and Co.'s Coaches.

## Dunedin Advertisements.

RATTRAY-STREET  
FURNITURE WAREHOUSE,  
Adjoining the Shamrock Hotel,  
DUNEDIN.  
THOMAS DICKSON,  
CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,  
Has always on hand a large and choice assortment of  
FURNITURE,  
COMPRISING  
Dining-room chairs, tables, sofas  
Couches, easy-chairs  
Bed-room chests of drawers  
Dressing tables and glasses, all sizes  
Washstands, commodes, bedsteads  
Pallasses, hair mattresses, all sizes  
Flock and flax mattresses.  
American chairs, all kinds, cheap.  
FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
MADE TO ORDER.  
Country orders promptly attended to, and Furniture carefully packed.

OTAGO FOUNDRY  
(Established 1859.)  
WILLIAM WILSON,  
ENGINEER, BOILER-MAKER  
IRON FOUNDER, & BLACKSMITH,  
Cumberland-street,  
DUNEDIN.  
Castings in Brass or Iron.  
Steam Engines and Boilers made and repaired.  
Overshot and Breast Water-wheels of Iron and Wood.  
Quartz-crushing Machinery.  
Pumping and Winding Gear.  
Cast-iron Sluice and Ripple Plates.  
Sheet-iron Hopper-plates punched to any size.  
Gold-dredging Spoons.  
Machinery for Flour, Oatmeal, and Barley Mills.  
Reaping, Threshing, and Horse-power Machines made and repaired.  
Fire-proof doors and safes.  
Price's Flax-dressing Machines made.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
CABINET AND FURNITURE  
WAREHOUSE,  
Opposite Hay Brothers and Wright's,  
PRINCES-STREET,  
Dunedin.  
WILLIAM KEY, PROPRIETOR.

Orders punctually attended to, and carefully packed for the country.

THE CROMWELL ARGUS is regularly filed for reference, and may be read gratuitously, at the undermentioned places of business in Dunedin, viz:—  
Mr R. T. Wheeler's Advertising Agency, Stafford-street;  
Mr A. R. Livingston's Stationery Warehouse, Princes-street;  
Messrs Reith and Nicolson's Bible Warehouse, Princes-street.  
Intending subscribers can either order the paper direct from the ARGUS office, or leave their names at any of the above-named places.  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Seven Shillings per quarter, including Postage.

## Nevis Advertisements.

EDWARD THOMPSON,  
NORTHUMBERLAND ARMS HOTEL  
AND STORE,  
NEVIS.  
A large and well-selected stock of Groceries of all descriptions constantly on hand.  
Goods delivered throughout the surrounding district on the shortest notice.  
\* \* A commodious BILLIARD ROOM is now in course of erection, and will shortly be furnished with one of Alcock & Co.'s full-sized BILLIARD Tables.  
The best accommodation for Travellers.  
Good Stabling.

BRITISH STORES,  
Nevis.

NEVIS CROSSING HOTEL  
AND STORE,  
(About five miles from the Nevis Township).  
The undersigned, in returning thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on him since commencing business, begs to intimate that he continues to keep a large and well-selected stock of SPIRITS, WINES, and GROCERIES of the very best description.  
Goods regularly delivered throughout the surrounding district.  
CHARLES KORLL.

## Bannockburn Advertisements.

GLADSTONE COAL WORKS,  
BANNOCKBURN AND ADAMS'S GULLY.  
The undersigned beg to intimate that they continue to supply COAL of the very best quality at 32s. per ton, delivered in Cromwell or at Kawarau Gorge.  
From the Pit in Adams's Gully, Coal of exceedingly good quality is now being supplied to residents at Bannockburn, at moderate prices.  
NICHOLAS & CO.,  
Proprietors.

STUART'S FERRY,  
KAWARAU RIVER.  
Main crossing-place between Cromwell and the Nevis for Waggon, Drays, Horses, and Foot passengers.  
Children attending School, Free.  
THE FERRY HOTEL  
Has first-class accommodation for Travellers.

BANNOCKBURN HOTEL AND STORE,  
Doctor's Flat, Bannockburn.  
(On the main road to the Nevis).  
JOHN RICHARDS, PROPRIETOR.  
Groceries and Household Requisites  
Of all descriptions kept in stock.  
The Goods, being obtained direct from Dunedin, are retailed at CROMWELL PRICES.

SHEPHERD'S CREEK  
HOTEL AND STORE,  
BANNOCKBURN,  
On the main road to the Nevis, 4½ miles from Cromwell.

J. Halliday, Proprietor.  
An experienced Baker kept on the premises.

Wines, Spirits, and malt liquors of the best quality.  
Ginger Beer and Cordial Manufacturer.  
District Post Office.

ANDREW HAMILTON,  
ARTIST.  
Drawings of Houses, Vessels, Animals, &c. executed in black lead pencil or water colors.  
TERMS:  
PENCIL DRAWINGS, from £1 1s. to £5 5s.  
WATER COLOR do. £5 5s.  
N.B.—The higher charges are not made according to size, but according to the amount of labor required to produce the picture.

## Bendigo Gully, Lowburn, &amp;c.

BENDIGO GULLY REEFS.  
OLD BENDIGO HOTEL  
AND  
STORES.  
SMITH & O'DONNELL.  
\* \* Miners and Travellers can have first-class accommodation, and may obtain every information respecting the locality.  
Good Stabling; Horse-feed always on hand.

New Stone Premises are now being erected.  
JAMES BEARE,  
GENERAL STOREKEEPER,  
BENDIGO GULLY.  
(In the immediate neighbourhood of the various quartz reefs.)  
A large stock of Groceries and Household Requisites of all descriptions on hand.  
CROMWELL PRICES.

MERCER'S  
TEMPERANCE RESTAURANT,  
LOGANTOWN,  
BENDIGO REEFS.  
The only establishment on Bendigo where Travellers can depend on getting MEALS AT ALL HOURS, in quietness and comfort.  
The house is conducted strictly on TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.  
The Restaurant is under the immediate management of MRS MERCER, and visitors may rest assured that every attention will be paid to their wants.  
In order to keep pace with the increasing requirements of the township, the proprietor is about to make extensive improvements on the premises, and will shortly be in a position to offer excellent SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION to Boarders and Travellers.  
Charges very moderate.  
FRANCIS MERCER,  
Proprietor.

WAKEFIELD FERRY HOTEL,  
ROCKY POINT,  
On the main road to Bendigo.  
The best quality of Wines, Spirits, and Beers kept in stock.  
Good accommodation for travellers.  
\* \* District Post Office. \* \*

THE WAKEFIELD FERRY.  
Is the best and safest crossing-place on the Clutha River, and is on the direct road to the Bendigo Reefs.  
The Punt and Boats are worked by careful and experienced boatmen, and the heaviest waggons can be crossed at any time with perfect safety.

WELCOME HOME HOTEL  
AND STORE,  
LOWBURN,  
About three miles from Cromwell, on the road to the Bendigo Reefs.  
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## The Story-Teller.

## THE SISTERS.

(Continued.)

JANET ground her heel into the seat, paused a second, and then tore open the note. Her eye ran hastily over the contents, and she read to the end, but the first words were—

"Elsie, dear Elsie," it ran, "forgive me if I offend by thus addressing you, but I hardly know what I write. I can bear this no longer. I love you, deeply, truly, and had one day thought to call you my wife; but I cannot understand the change that has come over you during the last three weeks. Have I offended you in any way? May I plead my own cause this evening? I have ventured to send you some flowers, though the last were so lightly esteemed. Bring them, if I may hope; but at all events give me the first vase to bear my sentence from your own lips.—Ever yours, EDMUND ROSCOE."

And this was to Elsie! Then this evening would see her the affianced bride of Edmund Roscoe, the future mistress of the Elms, and the wife of the richest baronet in the county. Never, never!

Janet tore the note to pieces, and turned to go home. Elsie met her as she crossed the hall, and her eyes fell on the flowers with a sharp heart-pang.

"From Mr Roscoe," said Janet, coolly, answering her gaze, "for the ball to-night, but I shan't take them. They are a great trouble, and far too good to wither in that hot room. I'll give him an extra dance to make up for it," she said, and passed on to her room.

The hall had not begun when they entered the fast filling room, and all eyes turned on Janet, as in her queenly beauty she moved up the room. A bright flash was on her cheek, and her large dark eyes were unusually brilliant; but Edmund Roscoe saw it not. His eye was on the pale, quiet face of her younger sister, and his heart sank within him as he saw that his flowers were not in her hand. A wild bitter pang ran through him, and unable to control his feelings, he hastily left the room.

Passing quickly into the large, dimly-lighted conservatory, Edmund Roscoe threw himself on a seat, and buried his face in his hands. Was it all true that Janet had hinted? Did Elsie love another? When he recalled the frank, happy glances she had given him before this miserable change, he groaned aloud.

"Fool that I was," said he, "not to see that she did not love me. But who could help loving that sweet childish face and gentle manner? I will at least hear from her own lips that it is hopeless."

He waited to regain his composure, and then re-entered the ball-room. The dancing had begun, but, as it was only a quadrille, Janet and Elsie were neither of them dancing; they were standing surrounded by gentlemen, who were writing their engagements on their cards as they made them.

Pale and grave, Mr Roscoe approached them, and gaining Elsie's side, said, in a low, quick voice, "May I have the first vase, Miss Fraser?"

His voice was cold and hard, for, with all his efforts, he could not make it otherwise, and Elsie's was equally so, as she replied, all unconsciously, "I am sorry I am engaged, Mr Roscoe."

He merely bowed, and Elsie's beating heart sank as he turned away in silence, asking for none other, little knowing the agony of disappointed love and wounded pride that he suffered at her words. Janet tapped him lightly with her fan, as he passed her.

"Mr Roscoe," she exclaimed gaily, "are you deserting all your old friends? I have saved some dances for you. Which will you have?"

He took her card, and ran his eye down it, and marking his name in two or three places, returned it without a word; but Janet knew too well what was passing in his mind to be surprised at that. He was once more leaving the room, when Lady Roscoe laid her hand on his arm.

"My dear Edmund," she exclaimed, "why are you not dancing? There is Lady Chester sitting down, and Lady Brasherston. Pray go and ask them."

He turned with an impatient exclamation, and approached Lady Chester; but after that he did not seek to desert the hall. First with one, and then with another, never still, never pausing to think, but talking, laughing, and dancing, with a dreamy, unreal sense of some great trouble upon him. Now and then he caught sight of that pale, sweet face, a slight flush tinging the delicate cheek, as she floated past—gentle, quiet, and grave, though more sought after than ever she had been before.

"She does not care," he thought, as he watched her smiling at some speech of her partner's, little guessing the bliss she had just missed. "She will deceive other men with that sweet voice and innocent smile, and then throw them aside as she has me; but I'll show her I'm not broken-hearted."

He talked and laughed again, and bent over his partner, as though no happier man existed. With Janet he danced again and again, till even he felt the powerful fascination of her loveliness, and found it perfectly easy to say soft nothings with those lus-

trous eyes lifted to his, and that beautiful mouth wearing its sweetest smile. He sat by her in the conservatory, on the very seat that had seen his first agony of disappointment, and heated with excitement, and the freely-flowing champagne, his eye rested with undisguised admiration on the perfect figure, the well-formed features, and the soft, dark eyes of the lovely girl before him. Her heart beat high as she saw the look, and a glow of triumph pervaded her system.

"What a happy man you must be, Mr Roscoe!" she said, softly, her voice bearing the slightest touch of sadness; "young, rich, and beloved, heir to this beautiful place, and free to choose a wife from all around you."

He started, and a hot flush mounted to his brow, as he exclaimed, bitterly, "Not quite that, Miss Fraser. There are two sides to that question."

Janet bent her head over her hand as she played with the fastenings of her gloves, and, with downcast eye and heightened colour, murmured softly, "Oh no, Mr Roscoe. I cannot but believe that you can win any heart you tried—sometimes, alas! those that you neither tried nor cared for," and her voice trembled and sank.

Edmund Roscoe looked at her in surprise. He was no fop, and did not understand the drift of her speech; but he saw that she seemed very much agitated.

"What do you mean?" he asked, quickly. "When have I done so?"

Janet turned her face away, and shook her head.

"I cannot tell you. I have said too much already," she exclaimed, hurriedly; then turning to him, and lifting her eyes pleadingly to his face, she added, "Oh, Mr Roscoe, pray forget what I have said. Do not despise me for having betrayed my feelings; say you do not, or I shall hate myself."

He paused in surprise and bewilderment, for her real meaning flashed across him.

"Miss Fraser," he said, and the words came out with a sharp, hasty jerk, "do you mean you—love me?"

Janet covered her face with her hands, while a deep crimson mounted to the very roots of her hair, and spread even over her neck. Mr Roscoe remained silent. He did not understand his own feelings. Surprise both at the fact and the avowal completely bewildered him; but he pitied her confusion, though he knew not how to relieve it. To see that proud girl bowing her head with humiliation at having confessed a love for him he had neither sought nor dreamed of, gave a strange satisfaction, and flattered the proud heart that was even yet writhing under the cold, scornful refusal of her younger sister. Yes, he would show Elsie that he could win a fairer bride than herself, and return scorn for scorn. He spoke, quietly and firmly, though every nerve in his body was quivering.

"Janet, will you be my wife?" he said. She raised her head, a bright gleam of joy beaming in every feature, and enhancing her loveliness, as she answered, "Oh, Edmund! are you in earnest? Do you really wish it?"

He took her two hands in his, and gently kissing her hot brow, said kindly, "Yes, I do wish it. I will try to be a good husband to you."

Janet could not answer, for voices were heard, and Elsie and a young officer came into the conservatory. She did not see them at first, for her sweet childish face was lifted to the young man, listening to what he was saying; but as her eye fell on them, a warm flush rose to her cheek, and it seemed to Edmund Roscoe that she gave him a sad, wistful, reproachful gaze as she passed them in silence. He rose quickly, and leading Janet back to the ball-room, joined the dance once more, striving to forget everything in wild excitement.

Gradually the room thinned of its occupants, and Edmund Roscoe was busy in escorting people to their carriages, finding cloaks, and adjusting hoods. He led Janet to hers, for they refused to stay and sleep, and she felt that though she had gained her object, and was Edmund Roscoe's affianced wife, her happiness was not complete, as he hastily shook hands with her, and rushed back to lead Elsie down. Yes, for the first time since her refusal to dance with him, he approached her and offered her his arm. She took it, wondering at his pale face and glittering eye, and prepared to follow her mother, but he held her back.

"Stop a moment, Elsie," he whispered, hoarsely. "I wish you to hear it from myself first. I have asked your sister to be my wife, Elsie, and she has consented. I now ask you, as a last favour, never to divulge what has passed between us; and may Heaven forgive you for your treatment of me, as I do."

He hurried forward, and Elsie, faint, giddy, and bewildered, walked by his side in silence. When he placed her in the carriage, he pressed her hand till she nearly cried aloud with pain, but she said nothing; and as the lamp-light fell on that still, pale face, every feature revealing the intense inward agony she suffered, a wild conviction shot through Edmund Roscoe's heart that, in spite of everything, she loved him as truly as he loved her. He longed to rush after her, to force her to tell him whether he might hope; he determined to go the next day and insist on seeing her, and hear from her own lips the explanation of her strange conduct; but, with a bitter, sickening rush of despair, he felt that it was

too late! He was bound to another, and in such a tumult of agony and despair as few men suffer, he sprang up the steps, and hurried to his room.

Four after hour he paced the room from wall to wall with rapid, uneven footsteps. Past, present, and future were alike maddening to look upon: the past, where Elsie had pervaded every thought and action, how thoroughly he never knew till now: the present, where, leaving her devotedly, madly, as he did, he was bound—hopelessly bound—to her sister; and the future—ah, how terrible a future—year after year, and yet never to hope to gain her, seeing her constantly, perhaps watching another win her, and yet never dare by word or deed to reveal the love he felt nothing could ever destroy—nay more, to show that love which he could not feel to her sister, his promised wife! It was no wonder his mother remarked his haggard looks when he entered the breakfast room late on the following morning, after such a night of agony; but the struggle was over. He was calm and collected, and his voice, though a trifle lower than usual, was steady and firm as he told his father that he had asked Janet Fraser to be his wife. Sir Henry drew a long breath, and laid down his newspaper.

"What, the elder one!" he exclaimed; "you sly young dog! Why, I always thought you liked that gentle little Elsie best. But there, you are free to please yourself, my boy. Bring home whom you please as your wife, and she'll get a hearty welcome from me. Certainly you've got the finest girl in the county, and she comes of a good old family; and I hope she'll make you happy."

"Thank you, sir," replied his son. "I am glad you are satisfied with my choice," as he absently toyed with the ears of the great St. Bernard dog.

Lady Roscoe kissed her son fondly, but there was a slight touch of disappointment in her tone, as she said, "You know how earnestly I wish you happiness, dear Edmund. She is very beautiful, and I dare say very lovable. Still I own I thought, like your father, that you preferred dear little Elsie; but you are quite right to please yourself."

Poor fellow! another blow to his aching heart. But he bore it silently, and rising, left the room. His mind was made up, and come what might, he would not swerve from the course which he had laid down for himself. His own happiness was wrecked—that he only knew too well—but he would not cause another the pain that he himself was suffering. Janet had owned that she loved him, and Janet should be his wife; and the longer he thought it over, the more convinced was he that Elsie did not care for him. Had she loved him, whatever might be the cause of her cold behaviour lately, it was utterly impossible that she should behave as she had, after such a letter as he had sent her. She had been shocked at his engaging himself to her sister a few hours after avowing his love for herself; but that was all, and he would show her that he could rise above such a scornful refusal as hers had been.

Thus armed Edmund Roscoe as he rode rapidly towards Agra Lodge, as the old General called his house; and oh, if that fiery chesnut he bestrode had never stopped on his road the day before, how different would his feelings have been! But Fate works darkly, and he hastened on, all unconscious of the dark deceit which had been practised on him.

[To be concluded in our next.]

## The Settlement of Juan Fernandez.

The following bit of information will be of interest all the world over:—At a distance of less than a three days' voyage from Valparaiso, in Chili, and nearly in the same latitude as this important port, on the western coast of South America, is the island of Juan Fernandez, where once upon a time Alexander Selkirk gathered the material for Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" during a solitary banishment of four years. This island, little thought of by the inhabitants of the Chilian coastland, has lately become of some interest by the fact that in December 1868, it was ceded to a society of Germans, under the guidance of Robert Wehrhan, an engineer from Saxony, Germany, for the purpose of colonization. Wehrhan left Germany eleven years since, passed several years in England, served as a major in the war of the republic against secession, and was subsequently engaged as an engineer with the Ceropaso Rail, in South America. He and his society (about sixty or seventy individuals) have taken possession of the island, which is described as being a most fertile and lovely spot. They found there countless herds of goats, some thirty half-wild horses, and sixty donkeys—the latter animals proving to be exceedingly shy. They brought with them cows, swine, numerous fowls, and all the various kinds of agricultural implements, with boats and fishing apparatus, to engage in different pursuits and occupations. The grove, made famous as Robinson's abode, situated in a spacious valley covered with wild turnips (a very desirable food for swine), has been assigned to the hopeful young Chilian gentleman to whom the care of the porcine part of the society's stock has been entrusted, and he and his protégés are doing very well in their new quarters.

## A Dark Deed.

Under the above heading an American paper relates the following:—In Virginia the other day Julia Ann, a dark woman, wife of a man named Gills, became jealous of his attentions to another dark girl, named Ella, and challenged her to fight. They were armed with heavy clubs, and a deep ravine was selected for the fight. Arriving at a sufficient distance to exclude the possibility of being seen, they stopped as if by mutual consent, and then commenced one of the most furious Amazonian encounters on record. At first they dealt in blows, which were given and received by each on the head and body, the blood flowing freely, and each club descended with all the weight and force savagely could give them. Rage, hate, and jealousy were mingled in this terrible fight, and, as if the clubs were but a tedious way of bringing it to an end, these two women flung them from them, and with teeth and nails continued the fearful struggle. The thick wool was torn from its roots, blood besmeared their faces and arms, nails were sunk into the flesh of both, and they bit in a manner that only wild beasts would be supposed capable of. They had now come to the ground. Julia Ann, the wife, in the struggle got her finger into the mouth of Ella, who, after biting it to the bone, endeavoured, if possible, to sever that with her sharp incisors. With a desperate effort Julia Ann got on top of her antagonist, and succeeded in getting the hand still free upon her throat, which she clutched tightly, and held until the jaws relaxed their hold upon her other finger. Nor did she then let go, but with the gloe of a tigress she held tighter and tighter until the eyeballs of her victim turned up in their sockets, her limbs no longer offered resistance, and in a few moments Ella was a corpse.

## Robbing the Indians.

This system of peculation even extends to the subordinates. Not very long ago, I happened to be present at the signing of one of the endless, and endless-broken, "treaties of eternal peace and amity," made between the United States and one of the wildest tribes, which had for more than eighteen years been at continual warfare with the whites. The scene was a wild valley within the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, filled with the horses and wigwams of the assembled tribe. The commissioners, escorted by a body of dragoons, were there in solemn council, and one after another the native chiefs affixed their marks to a document the contents of which were explained to them. Shortly afterwards I was riding through the encampment with an official of the Indian department, one of those wandering-eyed Yankees who have been not improperly described as "for ever looking about for something to patent, and make \$50,000 dollars by." Suddenly his eyes lightened on a splendid mule, and close by it an Indian sitting at the base of a tree smoking. "Whose is that mule?" he asked. "Mine," was the rather sally reply. "Well, look you here, said the official; "you know very well that you stole that mule from the whites, and that by the treaty and stipulations which you have as one of the chiefs signed, you have agreed to give up all property stolen from the whites, under pain of losing your share of the annuity next year. Now I won't be so hard on you as that. See, I will give you an order on the trader for 20 dollars for the mule, and say nothing about it!" The Indian's eyes absolutely flamed as the man spoke, but he said that he was outwitted, and accordingly took the 20 dollars for a mule worth at least 250. I remarked to my friend that this was rather smart practice. "Well, yes," was the rejoinder, as, with an air of self-satisfaction, he cut a chew of tobacco; "it is rather, colonel; but one has to be smart. I don't know how it is in your part of the country, but in our'n (the longest pole knocks down the persimmons). I'll tell you what: it takes a tolerable long pole to make a living in the Indian Department. But I guess I hadn't done so bad for the Indian. If that old cuss, the superintendent, had come along he would immediately, with a long lecture on the sinfulness of his ways, have taken that mule from the critter—confiscated it. Then, with a face as long as a fence-rail, he would have marked down in the books, 'Bought a mule for the use of the department—\$250.' Then, arter a while, he would have sold it, and accounted for the loss by marking opposite the first transaction, 'Stolen by Shoshones, in raid on the Reservation.' Which, you will perceive, makes a clear profit to the golly old sinner of \$500 dollars cash. Oh! I guess," he continued, laughing, "I've done a philanthropic turn! Guess I've got religion, and I'll turn church-member when I get to him. Why, a hull tinner o' parsons, and a meetin'-house to let, ain't a patch on this child?" I have no doubt, however, that honest agents exist; but they are so exceptionally that I must speak of the body generally.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

During September last the curator of intestate estates at Hokitika had placed under his charge the estates of ten deceased persons, eight of whom were miners, and of that number no less than five were killed by falls of earth.

## Kissing the Baby.

It was once the lot of the writer to dwell in the white tents of Camp Harrison in Georgia—in that lower part of the State, where families are always far between, and much more so in war times. For long weeks we had not seen a woman or a child. At last the railroad through the camp was repaired, and in the first train there was a lady with a wide-awake, kicking baby. Some hundreds of rough soldiers were around the cars, and Captain Storr, of the 57th Infantry, was the biggest and roughest among them, if we judge the tree by its bark. The lady with the baby in her arms was looking out of the window, and he took off his hat and said, "Madam, I will give you five dollars if you will let me kiss that baby." One look at his bearded face told her that there was nothing bad in it, and, saying with a pleased laugh, "I do not charge any thing for kissing my baby," she handed it over. The little one was not afraid, and the bushy whiskers, an eighth of an old long, were just the plaything it had been looking for. More than one kiss did the captain get from the little red lips, and there was energy in the hug of the little arms. Then other voices said, "Pass him over here, Cap," and before the train was ready to move, half a hundred men had kissed the baby. It was on its best behaviour, and kicked and crowed, and tugged at whiskers, as only a happy baby can. It was an event of the campaign; and one giant of a mountaineer, as he strode past us with a tread like a mammoth, but with tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lips, said, "By George, it makes me feel and act like a fool; but I've got one just like it at home."—*Appleton's Journal.*

## A Romance of the City.

The city has a romantic as well as a business side. Every morning one of the suburban trains brings to the station at London Bridge a gentleman now feeble from age, but who formerly was well known for his personal activity, and who has always held a dreadful sort of reputation among that large class of persons who are struggling with impecuniosity. This gentleman has acquired a large fortune as a discounter, and in this profession he has always made it a practice to require his exact rights. Not long ago, a respectable but unfortunate tradesman, for whom he had discounted a considerable bill, as he had done before, was unable to meet his acceptance when it fell due. He applied for a renewal, for time, for liberty to pay in part, but he found neither mercy nor consideration from the harshness of his creditor, not scarcely civil language. Ruin stared him in the face; his business and family seemed likely to be broken up. In this extremity his eldest child, a girl of nineteen, volunteered to make a last appeal for time, but also taking with her part of the debt, and she started on her message with feelings that may be supposed to prevail in the breast of a "forlorn hope." She had to wait for an interview, and was gruffly received, but she pleaded gently, yet boldly, and so far prevailed as to be told to call again in the afternoon. She did so, and then, without paying a farthing, she received back the bill, and along with it an offer of marriage there and then, as so good a daughter would make an excellent wife, and so on. It was now the young lady's turn; of course she could not think of such a thing, but she would ask her father and mother. To make the story short, the old discounter proved the most impatient of lovers, the girl accepted him, and in less than a month the two were husband and wife. The father was aided with effect, and the daughter, if she sacrificed her youth, has at least the grateful reflection that she saved her parents. She is now doing good in a Surrey village, and her husband, while as exact a man of business as ever, is showing more of the milk of human kindness in the city than he was ever repented to do before. This reads like a well-worn romance, but it is only a plain and truthful record.—*London Correspondent of the Daily Mail.*

PIGEON-ENGLISH.—A Chinaman cannot pronounce the word "business." The nearest he can come to it is "pigeon." A few English words pronounced in John Chinaman's peculiar way, a few Portuguese, and a few Chinese words, all wrought into Chinese idioms, make up the business language which is used between the Chinese and English-speaking traders. This language is called "Pigeon-English." An Englishman translated into Pigeon the familiar address, "My name is Norval; on the Crampian hills my father feeds his flocks;" and the result was, "My name is Blong Norval; top side Kalampan hills my father chow he sleep." But the next sentence beggared the language, and "A frugal swain, whose constant care is to increase his store," had to be freely "done" in this shape: "My father very small hearted man—too muchee likee dat picein dolla."

A gentleman having paid off all the debts of his extravagant son, the young gentleman, after being most profuse in his thanks, observed—"Now, air, all will go on as smooth as clockwork."—"No, no, Tom," said the old gentleman; "no more of your clockwork, I entreat you. I have had enough of tick, tick!"

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1889.